

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

From the Original Message of President Monroe as preserved in the Office of the File Clerk of the House of Representatives.

We owe it therefore to Candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this Hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing Colonies or Dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their Independence, and maintain it, and whose Independence we have, on great consideration, and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.

(See page 10.)

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 223 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is this country rapidly taking the world's markets away from all her competitors?

THE business of manufacturing for export has certainly assumed gigantic proportions of late in the United States. There is little doubt that one important cause of the aggressive hostility of several of the great European Powers to the policy of this country is to be found in the inroads which we are making upon the fat fields once their exclusive domain.

THE menace of a European commercial league against us, at which we can afford to smile, has been often repeated of late. It would never have been made had not Europe begun to feel the influence of the new competition, which it did not expect for another half-century.

THE theory of Europe has always been that America could never become a dangerous or even an active competitor in international trade so long as we kept wages up to a very high level. But it happens that the high wages have proved the most prominent factor in creating the changed conditions. They have made the American workingman independent, aggressive and enterprising. Nature had created him inventive, ingenious and ambitious. The combination has proved felicitous, and has given us the best manufacturing class in the world.

HIRAM MAXIM, the distinguished inventor, said the other day that American mechanics were far superior to any to be found in Europe. They have strong individual initiative; can go ahead and investigate for themselves, and they have a veritable passion for economy. When men were few, and the needs of this new country were clamorous, "labor-saving" was a necessity. Now it has become second nature. We make machines which can do the work of many men—with more delicacy, finish and far more cheaply than any "hand work" can do it.

UNDER the mighty stimulus of protection manufacturing had a sudden and tremendous growth. The huge profits brought on a fierce competition, which had to be regulated by "combinations." The regulation of the output soon became imperative. But although large numbers of manufactories were closed—to avoid a too rapid accumulation of manufactured articles—the surplus grew daily, and its size became disquieting.

THEN it was that the American exporter invaded the markets to the south of us on this Continent, the markets far over the western seas in the Orient, and even the European field. He put his goods down to cost price in

many cases because it was better to sell them at that rate than to keep them stored in warehouses. Thus the excess of production due to the protection and encouragement of manufactures has resulted in accomplishing, at the end of the nineteenth century, what Europe believed impossible before 1850.

ONCE introduced into the foreign market, the American exporter discovered that by still further increasing his output he could manage to secure a fair profit for the goods which he sent beyond seas. And so the mills which had been closed were reopened. So it is that a mighty revival of manufacturing is going on all over the land.

BY the new tariff many raw materials from foreign countries are less expensive to the manufacturer than under the old one. New lines of steamships are springing into being. The expansion of our industries on a colossal scale will go on steadily for a generation to come.



IN the New York Sun I find quoted the remarks made by Mr. Bindloss before the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce some time ago. After

complaining that the trade in steel and iron, formerly the almost exclusive property of Great Britain, had been largely diverted to other countries, he added: "Of late years the United States have by a heavy tariff so stimulated production that they can not only supply themselves, but severely interfere with England in foreign markets; and I should not be surprised if by and by they threaten competition even in this country."

Lo! while he spoke his prophecy was fulfilled. Not only can steel be laid down in England at prices which compete with that of the native output, but we are sending steel rails and wire nails and barbed-wire fence and locomotives and armor-plate to Central and South America and to England and to China and Japan. The steel for tools made in this country competes all over the world successfully. We send hundreds of tons of bar iron to Japan and the other progressive countries in the East. We ship cotton ties and tool iron to Calcutta and Bombay. And England and Germany and Belgium are awakening to the fact that a new rival is at work in their fields. The greatest of American Republics is no longer a "negligible quantity" when prices for export are quoted in Europe.

As in iron, so in other things. To send coals to Newcastle is a proverb intended to express the unprofitable; but we send coal to England and sell it there. The colliers from American ports carry coal to the Spanish and English West Indies. To South America go our cottons and woolsens and boots and shoes. To London we send the paper upon which its editors write articles against our tariffs. To Canada we export the steam-heating apparatus which warms our neighbors.

To South Africa we send the machinery which digs the gold. The English housewife uses our hardware. The Brazilian engineer drives locomotives made by us. The foreign manufacturer carpets his parlors with our carpets. Verily, all this compensates for the diminution, noticeable in recent years, in the exportation of our food products. All this means vast wealth in the near future.

It means a constant and steadfast expansion, and a healthy and powerful impatience of any attempts, small or large, to interfere with it.

THE Nicaraguan question is by no means settled, although it has entered upon a new phase. The British occupy the island of Corinto, and great excitement prevails throughout the Republic. No money has been paid, but the Nicaraguans have finally made a proposition that, if the English will withdraw their ships, fifteen days after the last smokestack has disappeared the indemnity of fifteen thousand pounds shall be paid in London. Where the money is to come from has not been disclosed. Whether it comes from Nicaragua's sister Republics, or from the Canal Company, or from speculative foreign bankers, matters little so long as it is paid. But meantime the English are quibbling about security, and they may decide not to sail away until they have the money in hand.

IN that case a clash between the Nicaraguan forces and the British marines is quite possible. Ten thousand Nicaraguans are gathered on the main land, prepared to repel any invaders from the island which the English occupy. President Zelaya is threatened with revolution whether he does or does not fight the English; and the situation is so serious that the Administration at Washington has repented of its supineness, and sent some war vessels to Greytown, and one to San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific side. If the dispute and the occupation are prolonged much further, there will be room for grave disquiet.



IN this country public opinion is thoroughly aroused against any attempt at a permanent occupation of Corinto or any other Nicaraguan port by England or other European Powers. The Senates of Missouri and Connecticut, and the Assembly of this State, have passed resolutions calling on the Administration to proceed with vigor to the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, and if necessary to intervene forcibly.

SENATOR MORGAN'S powerful speech condemning Ambassador Bayard's course, and denying that Great Britain has the shadow of a right to act as she has acted in Nicaragua, will have a wide echo. Senator Stewart's sarcastic letter to President Cleveland, congratulating him on having done the work of England, is another sign of the times. In the interests of peace it is eminently desirable that the quarrel at Corinto should be brought to a speedy and definite close.

TITLED foreigners, who aspire to the positions of sons-in-law to wealthy Americans, will start and grow pale when they learn that a fiery patriot in Illinois has introduced a resolution in the local Legislature requesting the daughters of the State not to accept the hand in marriage of any person not a citizen of the United States. Is this the beginning of the revolt of the American man against the foreign invasion of the matrimonial market?

THE legislator appeals directly to the patriotism of American women. They should, he thinks, disregard the glitter of decorations, the alluring harmony of historic names, and the rustle of ancient parchments, and turn their gaze upon the plain citizens who manage to accumulate fortunes without borrowing them from their papas-in-law. If this resolution should be passed, and other State Legislatures should take up the theme, the swapping of coronets for American shekels might experience a considerable decline.

THE way of the Prime Minister is hard. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, staunch Protestant and ex-Grand Master of an Orange Lodge, has pledged his Government to grant remedial legislation to the Catholic minority of Manitoba in the matter of separate schools, though personally, by his own admission, opposed to the measure. The promises originally made to the minority, he says, before the School Act of 1890, should be kept inviolate. The Premier's last utterance on the subject in the Senate, delivered with no uncertain sound, proves, too, that he means what he says. If Manitoba fails to carry out the order for remedial legislation, he declared, the Dominion Government will be compelled to take means to enforce it. These words convey no hint that a compromise might be effected between the Federal and Provincial Governments.



THE yearly Drawing-Room held at Ottawa by the Governor-General and his wife is not as a rule what might be called a successful function. This year it was somewhat less so than usual, a fact which was not complimentary and could scarcely have been agreeable to Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who, it is whispered, like a deal of kow-towing whenever they appear in public. The explanation is probably that as the Drawing-Room is open to everybody and his wife, and besides is of a mixed character, it is a "stale, flat and unprofitable" function to those who have attended it more than once, and society eschews it as a bore.

THE less fashionable world, on the other hand, is not so anxious to attend as might be expected. The people are not wealthy, and the women do not care to incur the cost of new gowns for the sake of making a bow to vice-royalty. The result is rather a queer hodge-podge. Of course the official set is strongly represented, and military uniforms abound; but there are also usually a number of timid-looking people present whom nobody knows, who seem to be on unfamiliar terms with their evening clothes, and the expression of whose faces indicates anything but pleasure at the situation. The only real satisfaction to be derived from attendance at a Drawing-Room is that of retiring, after presentation, to one of the galleries where one can comfortably watch and criticize the later arrivals as they pass through the same ordeal.

I AM glad to see that the subject of the dangerous overcrowding in the public schools is getting ventilated. Two strong articles in the Forum for May call attention to this peril, which threatens the bodies and minds of the rising generation. The situation in Brooklyn, just at present, is really deplorable. The primary schools are excessively crowded; some teachers are required to teach as many as one hundred and fifty pupils, whereas it is a well-known fact that no teacher with more than forty, or at most fifty, pupils can expect to get the best results.

IN Boston, in Milwaukee, in Washington and in this city the overcrowded school is a crying evil. Here in New York, because of the tremendous recent influx of

foreign population, the evil is of gigantic proportions, particularly in some of the districts on the East Side. The local children's clinics are filled with cases for treatment, traceable directly to the bad sanitation of the schoolhouses.

MR. HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, in his article on this subject in the *Forum*, remarks that Boards of Education and of Trustees "should be more largely recruited from the ranks of physicians and scientific men." This is sound sense; and it might be added that the politician should be sternly excluded from such boards. Our cities grow with such rapidity that it is hard to keep pace with their requirements in the matter of public edifices. But the school buildings should be commodious and perfect. Let the pinching, if any be necessary, come somewhere else.

THE Assembly Committee which has been examining into the condition of the "sweat shops" in this city declares that in these establishments the factory laws are constantly violated, and the rules of the Board of Health are totally disregarded. It recommends new legislation, especially with reference to the employment of child labor.

THE greatest difficulty was experienced in getting reliable witnesses. People were afraid, or were interested not to testify. Very pathetic were the revelations made by some of the poor little girl drudges, who hardly knew what a "holiday" was, and who showed that they were compelled to toil twelve or fourteen hours daily for salaries varying from two dollars and a half to four dollars and twenty cents weekly.

THE wisest of the labor leaders believe that nothing but Federal legislation can ever grope with this formidable evil, which is undoubtedly responsible, as the Committee says, for the physical wretchedness and moral degradation of thousands of women. And the children? Both State and Federal legislators should do all in their power for them.

It is gratifying to observe that many other cities where the evil of "sweating" prevails are now hunting it down. Baltimore is one of the most persistent in its attempts to root out the "sweater" and destroy his plans.



THE City Magistrates' bill, authorizing the removal, on July 1, of fourteen police justices, has been passed by the New York Legislature.

SECRETARY HOKE SMITH, in a recent interview, said that the gold monometalists are not strong enough, in his opinion, to become a factor in the coming Presidential campaign; and that the issue will be for and against silver monometalism.

THE valiant children of the Flowery Islands do not appear at all alarmed at Russia's menaces of war. They know that if one of the great European Powers attacks her the whole Orient will be aflame; and she believes that Russia and France would have their own enemies to fight, and could not do her much harm. They are fortifying, laying mines, and mobilizing large bodies of troops with the same phenomenal energy which marked their proceedings at the beginning of the war with China.

THERE is not the smallest probability that the United States can be coaxed or wheedled into any "entangling alliance" with Great Britain or any other European Power for espousing the cause of Japan. The rumor that this country is secretly supporting Japan is about as baseless as the other suppositions. The cordial invitation of the British press to Uncle Sam to co-operate with England in Japan has, just at this juncture, and in view of the present tone of public opinion in this country, a touch of *naïveté* in it.

THE new tariff has not worked well in California. It has let in cheap Cuban and Mediterranean fruit in such quantities that the Los Angeles, Riverside and San Bernardino orange growers have been unable to market their crops. The loss to Southern California will be colossal.

THERE are at present 401,415 acres of fruit under cultivation in the great State; and although only fifty per cent of this area is just now in bearing, the total value of last year's fruit crop in California was fifty million dollars. What will it be five years hence, if the new tariff does not manage to obstruct it?

HARD fighting has been in progress in East Cuba, and General Martinez Campos is beginning to find out that the insurgents are very much in earnest. At present he is flitting from one end of the island to the other, and making dire threats. The tone of Spain toward this country has meantime become less blustering.

THE report of the English Commission, on the use of opium, has been presented to Parliament, and will be received with profound astonishment. No less than one hundred and sixty-one medical witnesses say that, taken temperately, opium is no more harmful than alcohol used in the same way. As a stimulant for those past middle life, it is recommended by East Indian medical men very largely. The Commissioners had opium eaters of fifteen or twenty years' standing before them, and were satisfied that no harm had been done to them.

GREAT BRITAIN derives a vast revenue in her Eastern dominions from the opium traffic, which her Christian populations at home have more than once besought her to suppress. It will require more than the deliberations of this "Royal Commission" to convince the world that opium eating and smoking does not destroy body and soul. The question is cleverly dodged by the Commissioners by specifying that the drug's temperate use does no harm. But there is a fiend in opium which clamors constantly for the intemperate use of the dangerous stimulant. Moderation in the use of opium is much more difficult than in the consumption of alcohol.

THE bursting of the reservoir on the dyke of the canal at Bouzzy, near Epinal, in France, on April 27, caused the loss of sixty lives, and swept away whole villages.

PRINCE FERDINAND COLONNA has agreed to an arrangement for an amicable separation from his wife, the step-daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay. The mother is to have the custody of the children for six months in the year, but they are not to be taken out of Italy.

GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS is said to have discovered grave deficiencies in the civil and military services in Cuba.

JUSTICE HERRICK has rendered a decision at Albany, N. Y., holding that veteran soldiers are subject to the civil service laws and that the Legislature has no power to relieve them.

MADAME MODJESKA, the famous tragedienne, declares that Russia's refusal to allow her to play in Poland has caused her a loss of fifty thousand roubles, and she wishes the State Department to interfere in her behalf.

AN exhibition of Prince Bismarck's birthday presents will soon be opened in Berlin.

ITALY is re-enforcing all the garrisons in her large cities, and announces that she will rigorously repress all May day demonstrations.

MR. VAN DER STUCKEN, the well-known conductor, has been engaged by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for a term of six years, beginning next October.

COLONEL KELLY, who passed over such tremendous natural obstacles in his march to rescue his comrades in Chitral, is an officer who has waited thirty years for his chance to distinguish himself.

MR. BALFOUR contemptuously dismisses the rumors that Mr. Chamberlain is to be driven out of politics by a Tory cabal against him. He says that never was the friendship between himself and Mr. Chamberlain more unclouded than at present.

GENERAL OSCAR H. LA GRANGE, president of the Board of Fire Commissioners of this city, testified before the special committee of the State Senate on April 28 that the late Fire Chief McCabe, in his opinion, committed suicide to escape testifying. His testimony as to the raising of money for corrupt purposes by his former associates in the department would, it is thought, have been very important.

THE marriage of the Duke of Aosta and Princess Helene d'Orleans has been indefinitely postponed. The reason given is an accident to the Duke of Orleans, brother of the bride.

VIGOROUS opposition by sixteen of Brooklyn's Assemblymen to the project of consolidation will strike the outside world rather strangely, considering that Brooklyn voted for Greater New York at the last election.

THE Ohio Republican Convention will be held at Zanesville, May 28 and 29.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND children in Europe and America contributed to the cost of the Willard Fountain just erected in Chicago by the World's W. C. T. U.

KAISER WILHELM is as impetuous as ever. While Prince Hohenlohe was absent recently, he stepped in and ran the discussion on the Japanese question. It is hinted that Prince Hohenlohe may soon retire.

A PAINTING by Thomas Nast, called "Peace in Union," was presented to the Grant Memorial Hall in Galena, Ill., on the anniversary of the great General's birth, April 27.

EX-MAYOR HUGH J. GRANT of this city was married to Miss Julia Murphy, daughter of Senator Murphy of Troy, in Washington on April 30.

THE price of fifty thousand dollars recently paid for Van Dyck's portrait of the Marchese di Spinola, at the American Art Association sale in this city, is the highest ever paid at auction in this country for a single painting.

HERBERT SPENCER has just completed another installment of his vast work, under the title of "Professional Institutions." His broken health and advanced years rather discourage him from attempting the closing section on "Industrial Institutions."

THE long-expected "Letters of Coleridge," edited by his grandson, have just been published in London. There are many new and interesting revelations about Coleridge and Wordsworth in the book.

THE golden jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of Archbishop Williams of Boston will be celebrated May 16.

THE Washington *Post* suggests that ex-Senator Eustis of Louisiana, the present Ambassador to France, would make a good Democratic nominee for President.

THE American section of the Theosophical Society has declared its independence of the International Society, and has elected W. Q. Judge president for life.

THE late David M. Stone of Brooklyn, editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, left a fortune of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

AN involuntary blockade of the Suez Canal took place the other day, when a French troop ship, conveying troops to Madagascar, went ashore in the channel so as to stop the way for all other vessels.

THE bill authorizing the expenditure of five millions additional by the Rapid Transit Commission of this city has been signed by Mayor Strong.

THE late Duchess of Montrose had bequeathed a pearl necklace to be sold for the benefit of the poor of London. It was sold at auction April 30 and brought fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars.

SPEAKER CRISP has declared unequivocally in favor of free silver. He thinks that the Democrats should nominate a Western man with a military record for President.

THE "bicycle tea" is now one of the most popular institutions in fashionable society. Most of the guests arrive in carriages, but there are always enough fair bicyclists to save the situation.

SPAIN is worried just now by the announcement that Japan is casting covetous eyes upon the Philippine Islands.

BRAZIL is about to build herself a new capital, being dissatisfied with Rio de Janeiro, which it does not consider sufficiently magnificent.

THE Queensberry Association has been formed in England, to follow up and secure the presentation of cases analogous to that of Oscar Wilde.

THE taxable property of England and Wales has increased from five hundred and twenty million dollars in 1875 to eight hundred and five million dollars in 1894. The "lean years" do not appear to have troubled Great Britain very much.

REV. DR. AMORY BRADFORD, of Montclair, N. J., is to occupy for a time the pulpit of the famous Carr's Lane Chapel in Birmingham, England.

THE relief of Chitral is now complete. Sher Afgul, who usurped the throne and besieged the British agent in the fort of Chitral, has now been captured.

THE jury in the trial of Oscar Wilde in London has disagreed, and a new trial has been ordered.





THE WASHINGTON ARCH, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, DEDICATED MAY 4.



THE "CHICAGO" AT HER DOCK WITH DERRICK FOR HOISTING GUNS.

DISMANTLING THE "CHICAGO."

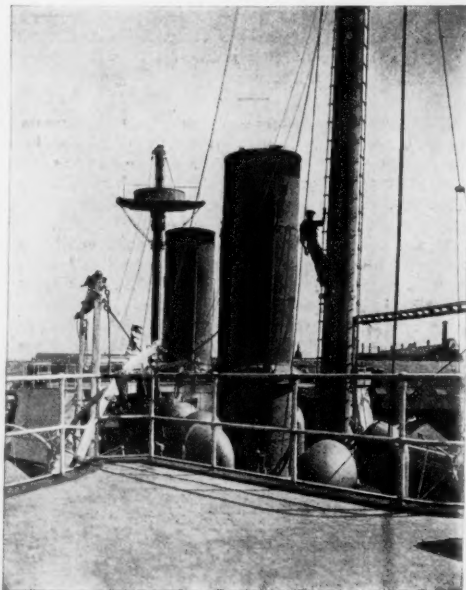
A BANQUET HALL deserted has been mentioned as an example of real lonesomeness after excitement and pleasure, but a truer sample of desertion than is presented by a ship when laid up at a navy yard after returning from a cruise would be hard to find. The life and bustle about a ship's decks peopled by three or four hundred sailors are always of interest to the visitor, while down below, the skylarking and games, as well as the various occupations to which the jacksies devote their time, when off duty, are found equally entertaining. With the crew removed to the receiving ship, and with nothing at all on board but the large cannon, stripped of every accessory, even the ship's cat ceases to find a comfortable place for her nap and leaves the decks with downcast tail for some more genial home.



VIEW OF SIDE OF VESSEL LOOKING FORWARD.

It was only a few weeks ago that the beautiful white cruiser "Chicago" came in from her transatlantic cruising, a model in every way of symmetry and efficiency. Her graceful spars, glistening sides, burnished bright work and frowning guns caused remarks of admiration to be made on every side. She had been a most popular ship from the time the large-hearted Irishmen extended their cordial greetings at Queenstown and at Kingstown until she was cheered, some two years later, by the crews of the English Squadron as she steamed away from Bermuda, her last foreign port.

Shortly after her arrival here the Board of Inspection visited her and made a critical examination from truck to keels, on both inside and out the ship, which resulted

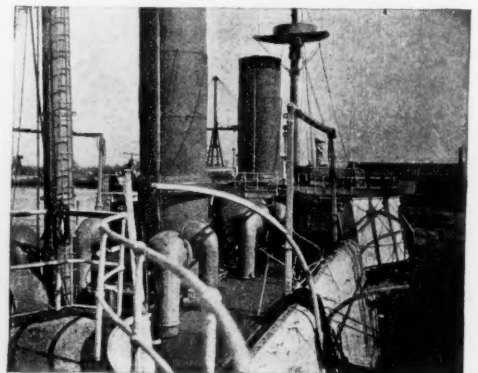


VIEW FROM BRIDGE LOOKING FORWARD.

in words of praise and commendation from the experts who compose the Board. No sooner was this ordeal finished than the cruiser was sent around to the Navy Yard where orders were given to put her out of commission.

With spars sent on shore, the white paint marred here and there, the decks soiled, the living spaces like so many barns, the fires in galley and fireroom extinguished, candles, or dim oil lamps, in place of the brilliant electric lights, there is a feeling of desolation from taffrail to bowsprit end, and one not accustomed to such things wonders how in so short a time neglect can replace discipline and tidiness.

It is very probable that the "Chicago" will never again appear in the rig she has had ever since her cruise

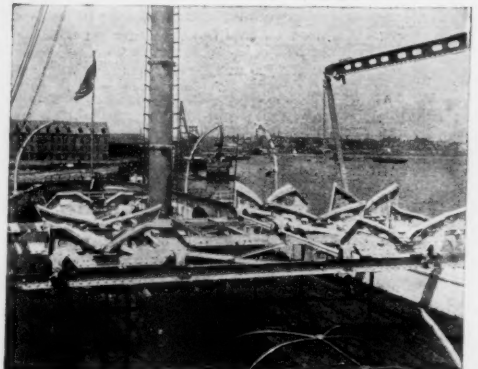


SIDE OF VESSEL LOOKING AFT.

ing began six years ago, for new machinery and boilers of an improved type will increase her speed and give her greater coal capacity. The sails, while pleasing to the eye, are of but little real utility even in peace times, while in action the yards would have to be thrown overboard to get them out of the way. The expense of taking sails and rigging about is considerable, as the heat from the furnaces quickly burns them up.

Some idea of the height of the "Chicago's" armored tops above the deck may be formed from a comparison between the height of a sailor standing on the Jacob's ladder leading up the mast and the distance between the top and the deck.

As one turns aft from the bridge and glances over the cradles where the boats once rested he finds the Stars and Stripes still flying; they and the Captain's pennant at the main are the last things to come down.



VIEW AFT, SHOWING BOATS REMOVED.

THE HARLEM RIVER SPEEDWAY.

THE Harlem River Speedway, New York's mammoth two million-dollar boulevard, promises to be one of the finest drives in the country when completed. Indeed, many well-informed people claim that it will eclipse anything of its kind on either side of the Atlantic. It is being built, too, with characteristic Yankee push, and stands out in sharp contrast to the much-delayed rapid transit which the metropolis has so long needed yet asked for in vain.

The Speedway is to be a grand boulevard of two miles in length, exclusive of the half-mile approach, perfectly straight and almost dead level, intended for driving fast horses, and with every facility for doing so without endangering the lives of pedestrians. Throughout its entire length there will not be a single crossing, and those who wish to get from one sidewalk to the other will have to cross under the roadway, and transverse culverts will be built for this purpose. The main driveway—that is, in contradistinction to the graded approach—will be one hundred feet wide, and its surface will be made in the most approved manner for speeding horses. It will be practically a dirt road, the bedding being laid upon eight inches of broken stones and two inches of cinders, over which will be laid the actual surface of eight inches of sandy loam, giving a hard, yet yielding and springy, surface little affected by the weather.

The course of the Speedway caused much argument when the subject came up for discussion before the Park Commissioners. After many different opinions had been expressed and as many different sites suggested, it was finally decided to build the proposed boulevard along the western bank of the Harlem River. Owing to the precipitous heights which rise abruptly from the muddy banks of the river, this part of the city's water-front is of little use for docking purposes. Part of these steep banks, those from High Bridge south for about half a mile, have been acquired by the city and are being slowly improved for High Bridge Park. The old aqueduct from the High Bridge water-tower which supplies Washington Heights runs through this park land. The rest of these bluffs from High Bridge north to Fort George Heights, which is the upper end of the Speedway, will probably soon be acquired by the city also and a Speedway Park laid out there. The slopes are all thickly wooded and possess wonderful natural advantages for park lands.

The approach to the Speedway begins at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, at the junction of that thoroughfare with the Washington Heights Viaduct (which connects it with Seventh Avenue, and, via Central Bridge at its other end, with Jerome Avenue), Edgecomb Avenue and St. Nicholas Place. This is on Washington Heights and nearly a hundred feet above the level of the river. Down the side of what has become known as "Deadhead Hill" the approach to the great driveway winds its way. This hill got its name from the fact that thousands of baseball and football cranks take advantage of its position directly back of and overlooking Manhattan Field and the Polo Grounds to see the games without going through the unpopular formality of visiting the box offices of the grounds below.

This approach is supported by an enormous stone retaining-wall, as high as forty-two feet in one place and of a thickness varying from twenty-four to two feet at

different points. This wall, which will form the eastern edge of the approach to the roadway proper below, bends and curves several times in its descent to the level of the Speedway. Opposite One Hundred and Sixty-third Street, the approach, which is built on a grade of 3.70 feet to the hundred, reaches the level of the main road and the stone retaining-wall joins the line of cribwork, which forms the outer edge of the roadway for the rest of the distance.

The level part of the roadway is constructed upon made land, which has been reclaimed from the muddy flats along the banks of the river. Enormous cribs are built of logs, laid crosswise one upon another, which are sunk after trenches in the mud have been dredged for them. They are then filled with rocks and gradually sunk into the mud until they are firmly imbedded. These cribs are built in sections of three hundred feet and fastened together when sunk into position. This long line of cribwork is finally filled in solid and faced with trimmed timbers. A track is then laid along its inner edge; dummy cars are loaded with rocks and earth, cut out from the parts of the work where the irregular line of the shore makes blasting and excavation necessary, and dumped between the cribs and the shore. Thus artificial land is gradually created and upon this the Speedway will be built.

The work of building the new boulevard was split up into two contracts and let to different men. James D. Leary secured that for building the lower half of the road, while that for the balance of the work fell into the hands of John C. Rogers. The dividing line of the two contracts is at High Bridge. The lower part of the work is perhaps the most interesting because it presents a much greater variety of treatment than that above High Bridge. Beside the ordinary excavation, dredging, cribwork and filling, of which each contractor has a goodly share to handle, Leary's contract calls for a large amount of blasting through solid rock as well as blasting many feet below water. One great mass of rocks juts out from the heights above and interferes with the line of the approach opposite about One Hundred and Sixtieth Street. A cut fully twenty feet high and over one hundred feet wide has had to be blasted through this solid rock, while just below High Bridge another rocky promontory thrusts itself out into the river, and has had to be entirely blasted to clear the way for the driveway.

Some grave errors have been charged to the Board of Park Commissioners in planning for the Speedway, from which much political capital has been made. They are really of much less importance than would seem upon the face of them. After much pressure from Mayor Gilroy and several petitions asking for one, a landscape architect has been appointed by the Park Board to supervise the work of construction. But as the city owns only the exact amount of ground upon which the building is going on, no jurisdiction can be exercised over the adjoining property, which is practically the only care he will have. The plans for the Speedway, as set forth in the engineers' specifications, cannot be altered, and no landscape supervisor can direct the work of the contractors, who are required to follow specifications. After the driveway is finished and accepted by the city, then and then only can the services of a landscape architect be of use.

It is also said that a grave error was made when the land was bought for the new boulevard. The plans

were made requiring the full width of the property acquired, and now it is said that this is not enough for the work.

The date of completion of any task as extensive as the Speedway is always a matter of uncertainty, and contractors' estimates must be somewhat discounted, as a rule. The work on the lower part of the Speedway, however, has progressed well.

There is little doubt that the Speedway will be open and in full use by the summer of 1896. Dyckman Street, which will connect with it at the northern end, has been completed and will soon be thrown open, while the new "French Boulevard," which will connect the other end of Dyckman Street with the Western Boulevard at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, is also progressing rapidly and will be opened soon. These three new drives, with the Kingsbridge Road, which intersects Dyckman Street at Inwood, and Jerome Avenue, which will be connected with both the Speedway and the new boulevard by the new Central Bridge and Washington Heights Viaduct, will furnish the principal drives for New Yorkers in the future.

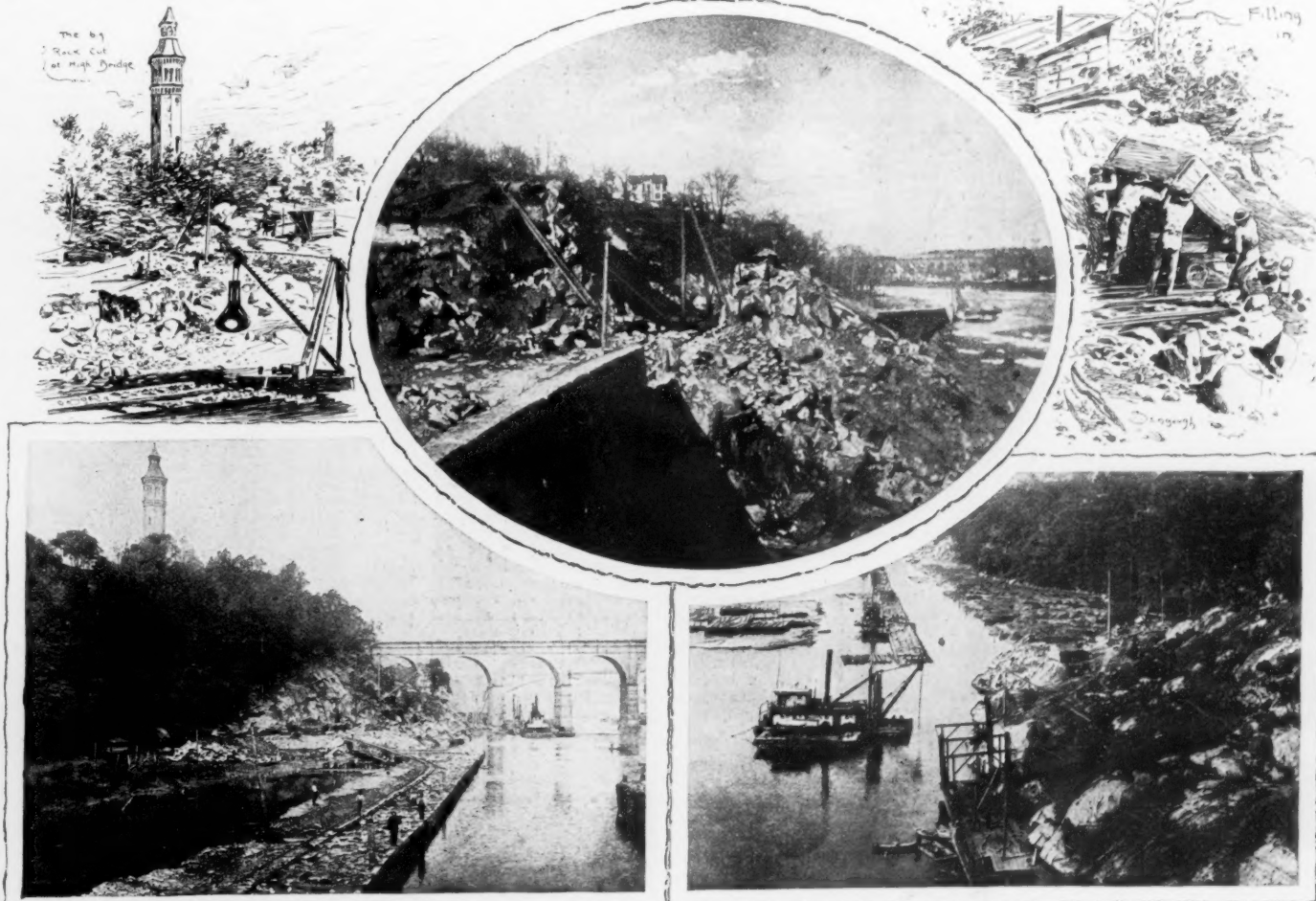
Accompanying are some recent views taken of the work on the Speedway. As they show, the Harlem River front presents a busy scene these days, and one cannot fail to be interested by a visit to the spot. For picturesqueness and fine scenery, even the magnificent Hudson will find a strong rival in the Harlem River, when the Speedway is completed and the opening of the Harlem Ship Canal makes it a rendezvous for the commerce of the world, as it undoubtedly will be within the next decade.

J. PARMLEY PARET.

THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ARCH.

THE beautiful and stately Memorial Arch which stands on Fifth Avenue, about one hundred feet north of Washington Square, in this city, and which commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as first President of the United States, was formally dedicated on Saturday, May 4, in the presence of a great throng of spectators. It had been intended that the ceremonies should take place on the preceding Tuesday, which was the one hundred and sixth anniversary of Washington's inauguration; but the bad weather interfered. The New York and Brooklyn regiments of the National Guard of the State, the Signal Corps and the First Naval Battalion were reviewed by Governor Morton and his staff at the dedication. The ceremonies included an invocation by Bishop Potter and an oration by General Horace Porter, and the delivery of the keys of the Arch to Mayor Strong by Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, treasurer of the committee in charge of the fund with which the superb monument was built.

The Washington Arch is constructed of white marble from the Tuckahoe quarries, near this city. It consists of a single arch, supporting an entablature and an attic, and springing from plain piers broken on the north side only by pedestals designed for the reception of statuary. In style the monument is distinctly classic. Its total height is 73 feet 6 inches; total width 56 feet 10 inches; and the height of the opening is 47 feet 9 inches. The total cost of the work was about \$128,000. The Arch is decorated with Victories by Mr. William MacMonnies, who is also to provide groups of statuary to be placed on pedestals prepared for them on the north front.



FILLING IN BETWEEN THE FINISHED CRIBS AND THE SHORE.

LOOKING TOWARD HIGH BRIDGE.

LOOKING SOUTH ALONG THE OUTER CRIBWORK.

HARLEM'S NEW SPEEDWAY.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Devil that Men Do," etc., etc.

XL.

DOROTHEA took a new route toward Highwood, just as Strangford had taken one away from it. She reached the house by a rear door, and then slipped innocently among the company which had now for the most part sought the drawing-rooms, complaining that the sudden change in the weather had almost had an effect of chill.

For herself, Dorothea felt as if some sort of chill had entered her heart that must forever bide there. She had made her stand; she had chosen her course; and though the contradiction may have a most curious sound, she both rejoiced in her late decision and cordially loathed it.

Being at home, she could move about as she pleased; and in so moving she was careful to avoid Cornelia. At the hour when she could gracefully disappear upstairs she had still avoided such meeting. And no sooner was she alone in her own apartments than she rang for her maid and gave orders that certain trunks should be packed during the morning. These orders wrought in the servant a consternation which her young mistress pretended not to see. Later, she wrote her aunt, Mrs. Onderdonk, a letter of several pages, declaring her intention of becoming that lady's guest in Newport on the day after to-morrow. This letter she sent downstairs, to be placed among the mail-matter that was borne each morning to the village post-office. Thus it happened that her resolution was not only taken but clinched by the time that she and her mother again met.

This was nearly ten o'clock the next morning. They had breakfasted at different hours. "My dear child," began Mrs. Rathburne, "what made you slip off so early last evening? It really seemed rude."

"I didn't mean it to be, mamma. I wanted to order some packing done."

Her mother looked mystified, and then Dorothea quickly explained.

"Of course, my dear, your Aunt Alida will be delighted. She's so often wanted you to pay her a long visit. But is *now* just the time for you to go?"

"You mean, in Gerard's absence?"

"Oh, no. Cornelia is here, you must recollect, as your special guest."

Something rose to Dorothea's lips, but she forced it back. What was the use of telling her mother that she believed Cornelia to have visited Highwood with a motive ignobly jealous? On another point, however, the girl chose to be confidential.

"Mamma," she said, with entire frankness and simplicity, "I think it best for me to remain at Newport until Gerard comes back. You know as well as I do that Adam Strangford is here."

"Yes, yes," eagerly answered Mrs. Rathburne. "And you fear there may be talk? I understand perfectly. The two were alone together, in a little bright-tinted sitting-room on the ground floor of the big house. At any moment somebody might enter, for privacy in the hospitable home of the Rathburnes meant closed doors, nearly always, or nothing."

In a stealthy, impetuous way Dorothea found herself abruptly embraced. She had been certain that her mother would approve her plan the instant that she threw this new light upon it.

"My dear child! You're so right! I dare say there has been talk. And he comes over so often, doesn't he? I was glad, with all that crowd here, that he didn't come last night."

"Were you, mamma?"

"And your Aunt Alida, as I said, will be delighted. As for Cornelia, you can make it seem as if you'd been forced to leave for Newport—as if your aunt would have been angry at your refusal to go after so many previous invitations."

"Yes, mamma."

"And Dorothea, my love, do stay on till Gerard returns! He can go down there and bring you back to Highwood. That will be charming. You know how fond he is of Newport."

Here Mrs. Rathburne snatched another kiss from her daughter. "It's so sensible of you, dear! I realize how loyal you are, and what a fine ideal of honor you've always had! But Adam Strangford's manner of late! . . . Well, my dear, I haven't dared to warn you of its apparent devotion. Mind, I only say *apparent*. Of course you and he have merely talked together in the most harmless way. But oh, people, people!—oh, the world, the world! Dorothea, I'm in a seventh heaven at your determination!"

This outburst the girl had clearly foreseen. For days past she had known that Strangford had been to her mother a most irritant thorn-in-the-flesh. With her father it had seemed wholly different. He often struck her as not only not caring for any potential tattle of gossip, but as rather willing to brave and challenge it. There were even times when she said to herself: "Papa would have no frown for me if I should go to him, some day, and tell him that I had resolved to break my engagement and marry Adam Strangford."

On a sudden, now, her mother exclaimed: "Oh, Dorothea, by the bye, I'd forgotten. Cornelia is quite ill with a headache. I've been to her room and done all I could. She's lying down, poor girl. She doesn't look ill, but she tells me that she never does when these neuralgic attacks come on. You know how I used to have them so dreadfully till Dr. Dascott relieved me. I offered to telegraph for him, but she positively vetoed the idea. She says that she expects to be quite well by the afternoon. But do go and see her—of course you will, at once."

Dorothea, however, did not go and see Cornelia. She suspected this headache as an obstinate and wily ruse. After what had passed on the previous evening, she argued, any disinterested guest would have taken leave

with summary speed. But this was not a part of Cornelia's prearranged scheme. She had emphatically come here to stay. She had come both to stay and to spy.

In this judgment Dorothea had not erred. Cornelia had gone to her room, last night, thrilling with indignation. But before she slept, coolness and diplomacy had conquered her heated mood. Dorothea had long known of her occasional sharp neuralgic attacks. She would invent one to-morrow. And she did.

Lying in her room, perfectly strong and well, without the faintest throb of pain, she wondered how soon it would be before Dorothea would knock at her door and some sort of reconciliation be patched up between them. This would enable her to remain at Highwood. She was willing to tuck all her pride very concealingly into her pocket, provided by such act she could remain at Highwood.

She was not by nature a deceitful or malevolent spirit; but she was absorbingly in love with Gerard Spottiswoode, and absorbingly in love with the idea of changing her name for his. Thus love and ambition met in her; and these two strenuous steeds, as one might say, were yoked together by the forceful sympathy and suasion of her aunt. Toward what goal, if discreetly driven, they might guide her, she was herself but ill aware. Only, she had every aim and wish to direct them with as much tact as zeal. If she had not been certain of Dorothea's lukewarm feelings for Spottiswoode, her surrender, weeks ago, would have asked no terms. Now she passionately blamed herself for having spoken there on the piazza with such unreined impulse. To go away and leave this evidence of Dorothea's talks and walks and constant association with Strangford ungathered and unverified! It was torture to think of! No; she had almost ruined her chances by that emotional mistake. But there was still strong hope of repairing it, and if any kind of armistice could be wrought she was prepared to meet the enemy more than half way.

But Dorothea, as hours passed on, made no sign of paying her improvised headache the least compassionate tribute.

"Perhaps she suspects," Cornelia miserably mused. "She gave me my *congé* last night, and no doubt she thinks I cut a ridiculous figure in not availing myself of it. But I'd rather cut a ridiculous figure in *her* eyes than a defeated one in my own."

The hours dragged themselves on. Cornelia put on a flannel wrapper and transferred herself from the bed to a lounge. Outside the weather wooed her, through an open window, full of sunny and leafy and breezy enticements. It was horrible to have to stay shut up here like this. Every now and then she caught a ripple of laughter from the halls beyond or the tennis-grounds below. She didn't know at all well any of these people who were now staying at Highwood. None of the women would come up and condole with her, therefore, and Mrs. Rathburne (quite apart from the fact of her daughter's absence) seemed to keep very persistently aloof. She had paid her visit after breakfast, and it was now time for luncheon. The truth was, Mrs. Rathburne had busied herself with other social duties, never supposing but that Dorothea would adequately take care of this one.

Cornelia had not brought her own maid with her to Highwood, and she now had cause keenly to regret this fact. For her own maid might either measurably have glimpsed the situation or have had it imparted to her by frequent little hints. But with the servant who now waited upon her any such course was wholly out of the question. And meanwhile Cornelia began to feel this rôle of invalid intolerably irksome. At luncheon-time she found herself hungry to a ravenous degree. She had not dared to eat much breakfast, and now the healthful country air had worked its appetizing effect.

The servant brought her a bowl of soup and a few biscuits. This repast was forlornly insufficient, and yet she consumed it as though she were unequal to the effort. Notwithstanding, she would almost have devoured the bowl and the spoon themselves, so assertive was her hunger.

"How on earth," she reflected, "can I go on like this? Would it not be best for me to declare myself perfectly well and saunter downstairs at about dinner-time? But the audacity of such a proceeding! Am I equal to it? Unless I cling to my sham headache I am in the position of one who has been told to depart yet who still stays on. I want my dinner, and I want it in a more material manner than I would like openly to confess. Dorothea, by remaining aloof from me, simply insults me with her apathy. Before long I must resent this discourtesy. Naturally, being in her own house, she should apologize. If she doesn't do so by to-morrow morning, I shall be compelled to abandon my siege and take a mid-day train for town."

The lonely day waned, and the bland summer afternoon set in, with its dimming lights and freshening winds. Cornelia grew desperate, and paced the floor. Why did no one come to her? Was she utterly forgotten and ignored? By about five o'clock she rang for the servant who had thus far waited on her.

"Ann," she said, when her summons was answered, "I feel much better, and think I will go downstairs."

Ann was the most wooden of housemaids. She was a large, cold, irresponsible creature, whom Cornelia had already begun to hate.

"Yes, miss," she replied. Cornelia, in the past few hours, had grown to regard that "Yes, miss," almost like the hiss of a snake. It seemed to her as if Ann could say nothing else, and then again it seemed to her as if she refrained malevolently from any other phrase.

"I suppose, Ann," she went on, during the making of her toilet, "that Mrs. Rathburne has gone out."

"Yes, miss."

"And . . . er . . . Miss Dorothea? Has she gone out also?"

"Yes, miss."

"Are you sure, Ann?"

"Yes, miss."

"You saw her go, then, this afternoon? You saw her leave the house?"

"Yes, miss."

"But she'll be back in time for dinner," muttered Cornelia, at random. "She and her mother must both be back in time for dinner, mustn't they, Ann?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"And dinner's at eight o'clock, isn't it, Ann?"

"Yes, miss."

"Mr. Rathburne, Ann. . . He's still in town?"

"Yes, miss."

"But he'll surely be back in time for dinner?"

"Yes, miss."

"In time to dress for dinner?"

"Yes, miss."

"You may go, now, Ann."

"Yes, miss."

Attired in a smart gown, thoroughly ready to appear below stairs, Cornelia sat by the window of her chamber and stared through moistened eyes out across the smooth emerald of the lawns, where great trees were casting long shadows. She had a frantic desire, one minute, to go boldly downstairs, and the next to keep herself immured till some decent recognition reached her.

Seven o'clock found her half famished, and bitterly angry. Between then and dinner there was still another hour to wait. She endured it as best she could. At last, in desperation, she again rang for Ann.

"I—I want you to bring me quite a good deal of eat," she excitedly ordered. "Dinner, I—I mean, of course."

"Yes, miss."

"And, Ann—"

"Yes, miss."

"Don't say a word to either Miss Dorothea or Mrs. Rathburne about my being here still. They can come to me or not, as they please. You understand, Ann?"

"Yes, miss."

When dinner was brought her in somewhat copious supply, Cornelia could eat, after all, with but languid relish. Pride, rage, and a sense of cruel injury contended within her soul. She sat for a long time—it struck her as an eternity—in a big rocking-chair, chewing the cud of her wrath as a kind of bitter dessert. The room had darkened round her; the stars shone out keen and sweet over the dusky landscape; somewhere, beyond her view from the window, an ascendant moon was busied with slow yet luminous and augmenting witcheries.

"Dorothea has told her mother!" the captive at last decided. "Her father *couldn't* neglect me like this! Still, he might. With him it's either characteristic forgetfulness or else the result of slanderous falsehood. Oh, if I had only gone away this morning! Why did I improvise the headache? Why have I not been philosophic and made the best of my bad luck? Aunt is to blame for my coming here. They say there's no fool like an old fool, and I see now they're right. I've a good mind to send Dorothea's father a message. He's a gentleman; he'd abhor this shabby treatment. Or wouldn't it be better if I were just quietly to go downstairs and not notice Dorothea unless she noticed me? I've a good mind to do that. Let me think: it's getting on toward ten o'clock. If I do go, there isn't any time to lose."

But she still lingered. No doubt she would have gone if there had been anybody in the house whom she knew well, apart from its permanent residents. By eleven o'clock an oppressive silence began to weigh upon her nerves. Now and then it was broken by a voice or a step. Was every one retiring to bed, or had nearly every one already retired? She herself shrank from the idea of bed. She had never felt more baffled, humiliated, chagrined. Her smart gown seemed to jeer at her from every glistening fold. She told herself that she would not sleep a wink all night. Why, indeed, should she sleep? She had had no exercise, she had been cooped up here all day, and she had been worried by the most odious reflections. Oh, if she were only back home! Dorothea's behavior had been brutality itself. She would never pardon it—never! All she could pray for, now, in her helplessness and defeat, was that Gerard Spottiswoode might find out for himself, before the marriage, how he was giving his name to a girl wholly unworthy of wearing it.

Suddenly, to her great astonishment, there came two or three sharp knocks at her door, and then the voice of Mrs. Rathburne sounded there.

"Cornelia—Cornelia! May I come in?"

She hurried to the door and opened it. Mrs. Rathburne swept into the room, handsomely garbed in black lace, with a spray or two of diamonds flashing from her bust and hair.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "you're dressed, like this? You're better, then? Why on earth, in that case, haven't you come out of your room?"

"I—I—didn't seem to be wanted downstairs," began Cornelia, stumbingly, quite taken aback. Then she saw that her hostess had a drawn, grayish look about the lips, and that her eyes uneasily glittered.

"Not wanted downstairs? What do you mean? I should have been to you long ago. But during the afternoon I had numberless things to engross me. And meanwhile I supposed that Dorothea had taken you in charge, so to speak."

"Taken me in charge? My dear Mrs. Rathburne! I haven't seen Dorothea since last night."

"She didn't come to you, then?"

"No. She didn't come to me."

"How strange! I told her— But here Mrs. Rathburne drew a long, fluttered sigh, and caught Cornelia by the wrist with one tense yet unsteady hand.

"Cornelia, I'm afraid something horrible has happened to Dorothea."

"Happened to her, Mrs. Rathburne?"

"She's not been seen for hours. She disappeared this afternoon. The last anyone saw of her was a little after three o'clock. She was leaving one of the lawn gates. She often goes down into Haverstock on her charitable little journeys. She's terribly reckless about the places into which she ventures, and ever since we came here this summer I've scolded and protested on the subject of her daring to go out into the district of the new railway. It's filled with the huts and hovels of a most dangerous class, however pitiful may be the poverty and sickness that she often finds there. . . . Well, by dinner-time there was no sign of her. As it grew dark I became terribly worried. But now, my dear, *now*, at a little while before midnight (only think of it!—only think of it!) she still is absent!"

"Still absent! How horrible! And you fear, then—?"

"Oh, don't ask me *what* I fear!" And the unhappy lady broke into a torrent of weeping.

Cornelia felt her flesh crawl. There had always been far more good than bad in her nature. Proud, some-

times imperious, not by any means too generous, she was nevertheless wholly human.

"Oh, poor Dorothea!" she cried. "But of course they've gone to look for her?"

"Yes—yes; but they left hours ago. Her father went on horseback with two of the grooms, and three of the gentlemen who are staying here took a wagon and followed them."

"And they've none of them returned?" shivered Cornelia.

"No. It would be different if she had any friends living in Haverstock and had stopped over with them. But she's no friends there of that sort, and in any such case she'd have been sure to send me word, for she knows how nervous and anxious those charity visits of hers have made me."

"It's too distressing—it's too torturing," mourned Cornelia. "Dear Mrs. Rathburne, what shall I say to console you?"

Here Dorothea's mother caught both the girl's wrists. In all her misery she gave a lonely proof of native kindness. "You can't console me, my dear, and you mustn't distress yourself too much. You'll bring on that horrible headache again, and I feel so guilty that you were left alone with it through all the long, tedious hours of to-day!"

These words were indeed coals of fire on Cornelia's head—the head that had never ached at all!

"How sweet of you to remember that!" she exclaimed. . . . And then a sudden thought flashed through her mind. It was a thought guiltily gladdening: What if Dorothea had eloped with Adam Strangford?

Just then another knock sounded at the door. Mrs. Rathburne herself hurried to answer it.

Ann, the maid, stood on the threshold.

"What news, Ann? Have any of them come back yet?"

"No, ma'am," said Ann. "But Mr. Strangford is here."

"Oh, yes—Mr. Strangford," shot from Mrs. Rathburne, while she pressed a handkerchief wildly to her tearful eyes. The next minute she wheeled round again toward Cornelia. "I—I thought of Mr. Strangford—Adam Strangford, you know. He is spending the summer quite near Highwood, with an invalid uncle. I sent for him, in my torment, a little time ago. He's so wise, so clever; he may think of something, suggest something."

"Indeed, yes," fell from Cornelia, who hardly knew what answer she gave.

The coals of fire were burning hotter than ever. How wretchedly had her late suspicion wronged Dorothea!

"Come," she said, putting an arm about Mrs. Rathburne's neck. "Let us go downstairs and see Mr. Strangford at once."

(Continued next week.)

VINEGAR-CURED.

"ZEKIL" BROWN was something of a non-descript. The first twenty-five years of his life had been passed in a Connecticut village robbing birds' nests, outwitting the schoolmaster, keepin' company, and contemplating future wealth through the medium of wooden nutmegs and New England thrift. His last fifteen years had been, so to speak, sprinkled all the way from Manitoba to the Rio Grande and had been occupied pretty promiscuously with prospecting, cow-punching, stage-driving, lynching, and tending bar. Just now he was piloting me to a section of land which I had recently pre-empted and on which I contemplated doing a little ranching in an humble way. "Zekil" was booked for my "foreman," as he persisted in putting it, notwithstanding the fact of his being my sole employee.

It was night, and we had curled ourselves up in our blankets. Perhaps I was wondering what sort of a cook "Zekil" might be; perhaps it was only a general remark; but, whatever my thoughts, they found utterance in the comment:

"It's a pity you're not married, Zekil."

My "foreman" sat upright in his blanket and blinked at me through the fire.

"Well, neow, Mr. Sandford," he said at last; "ye see I might jes as well a-bin, ef I warn't a sample o' what ye might call 'vinegar-cured.'"

"Vinegar-cured?" I exclaimed.

"U-u," said Mr. Brown, nodding. Then he settled himself and began:

"Ye see, nigh onter twenty yer ago or tharabout I wuz the wust gone young feller ye ever see. She war a gal livin' up to Shelby Center, 'bout four mile from our farm, en jes mebbe she warn't fine; say, mister, thet gal might a had the president ef the U. S., ef she'd ever had a shy at dazlin' o' him en kud a kep her temper fer a nower. Well, she married a lightnin'-rod agent—en I reckon he hadn't no rods to spare when she got onter one ef her tantrums. Mister, thar's some ez sez thar ain't no retribution fer crime; but ef thet thar lightnin'-rod feller didn't get his come-uppings I ain't no judge."

Mr. Brown here threw his quid into the fire, spat reflectively, thrust a fresh roll of tobacco into his cheek, and resumed:

"I ain't one o' them thar onreasonable cusses wot expects a woman ter be merlasses all the time. I reckon they has their trials en gits a-pestered until they jes natchally biles over, so to speak. Now at them times a gent ud mos' likely allow ter git bilin' full, en what-somever he done wud be laid to the pizon; but a woman, ef she's well brung up en right thinkin', ain't got no sich refuge; en so she jes smashes things on her own hook en gits the hull blame fer it. No, sir; I ain't kickin' at wot ye might call pocket-tantrums; but when they runs in reglar veins—afere mattermony—why then I sez thet the best thing fer a peaceable-inclined gent ter do is ter jes mizzle—savvy?"

"Was that your case, Zekil?" I queried.

"Egscacly," said Mr. Brown, with emphasis. "Ye see, ez I wuz a-tellin' ye, I wuz thet fur gone I couldn't be doin' too much fer thet gal—which wuz a mistake. Thar warn't no fair ner circus ner singin'-school ner quilting-bee ner revival ner hoss-race inside twenty mile o' Shelby Center thet she didn't go ter—no matter wot I had ter take from the ole man, when I kum back, fer usin' o' his best team. Lor' bless ye, though, I didn't

take no heed o' thet. Wot broke me up wuz gettin' it at both ends. Neow look a-here, mister; jes let me tell yer wot branded me fer a maverick; en ef you sez I warn't right, why—jee-whittaker! I'll go East en marry her ter-morrer—her husband bein' dead, which are mos' likely."

"Ye see 'bout eighteen yer ago cumin' this August her granther up en died. He war a powerful big man, en th' undertaker allowed ter build the coffin right in the room whar the remains wuz, ter save the trouble o' engineerin' it upstairs. The durn fool never thought about havin' ter engineer it out, en the family er the diseased war eckally unmindful. Wall, they done it, sure enough; en when the funeral cum off, thar wuz h—l ter pay. Ye see, I'd bin on the jump all the mornin'—goin' after the parson, gettin' the choir over from North Shelby, en playin' pack-hoss generally for the benefit er the afflicted; but, when they cum ter gettin' the coffin with th' ole man inside en slewin' o' it round en workin' it over the banisters, so's ter fetch it down them narrer stairs without spillin' nothin', I see at onct thar wuz goin' to be trouble, en ef they warn't keeful they'd land the hull business kerklop down in the hall. So I jes offs with my coat—it bein' a new one en the day nigh onter dead hot—en I got under th' ole man, en, what with heavin' en general bossin' the job en some light cussin', I snaked him out clean ez a whistle; en the hull neighborhood allowed ez how thet war the most successful funeral agin odds ever seen in them parts."

"Well, neow, you'd a-sposed, after them thar efforts—en all on her account, mind ye; fer Lord bless ye! I didn't care a cuss about the diseased—you'd a-sposed the gal'd had some gratitude—neow wouldn't ye?"

I admitted that such would be my supposition.

"Wal, she warn't built thet way," continued Zekil.

"Contrarywise, on me callin' 'round nex' evenin' ter kinder condole with her 'bout her loss en all thet, durned ef she didn't jes lay low until I got through th' usual remarks, en then let loose on me, like a cold norther, 'bout me takin' my coat off at her granther's funeral, en how it war a showin' o' a lack er respect ter the remains, en how I wuz nuthin' but a boor anyhow, en she'd bin a durn fool all along, tryin' ter make a silk purse out a sow's ear—them's her very words; en all after me a-doin' my durndest en nigh onter killin' myself a-tryin' ter make th' ole man's funeral a success. Wal, mister, thet settled it. I never had no mortal use fer critters wot turns 'round en chews yer ear, jes when yer bringin' em a pail er salt. I'm vinegar-cured, I am—savvy?"

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

THE STATUS OF WOMEN IN CHINA.

IT is a curious fact that a study of the domestic lives of foreign peoples invariably has more charms and attractions for us than one of our own. And probably in this respect none is more quaintly interesting than that of the Chinese. The tales that were told us in our young days of their mode of living, of the strange customs that they followed and the grotesque peculiarities of their women folk, have all tended to cause the Chinese to be depicted in our mental maps as a people apart from ordinary humanity; and, if anything, subsequent years of reading have rather added to this juvenile mystification.

The globe-trotter, passing hurriedly or contemptuously, according to his temperament, round the world on his self-imposed sight-seeing, finds native women rowing a sampan in the harbor of Hongkong, at Amoy, or Shanghai, and forthwith proceeds to relate to wonder-stricken friends at home that the lily-footed maid is a myth; that the women wear trousers and do the hard work while the men stay indoors to wash, iron and cook. Another sees coolie women walking through the streets without armed guardians or guides and at once explodes the cherished theory and lifelong belief that he is in a land of harems, concubines and secret smotherings. He forthwith proceeds to cultivate a contempt for Chinese customs and often ends by getting into serious trouble in consequence. The fact is that there is a proportion of truth in both cases—in the stories of our young days and also in the superficial views of the g-t's aforesaid. The Chinese are the most difficult people in the world to understand. Their lives are paradoxical, being diametrically opposed to the teachings of their philosophers and the expressed beliefs of the people themselves. It is hard to conceive of the possibility of such a state of existence or of national existence being possible under these conditions.

The Chinese seem prosperous as a nation and happy in their social and domestic relations; but is such the case? Thousands of years of strict observance of rules regulating the relationship of the sexes has built up a barrier between man and woman that is unique in the world's history. Man occupies one sphere, woman another; a lower. This is one of the fundamental principles of the Chinese social structure. Ages ago the doctrine was inculcated that boys and girls who had reached the age of seven should not "occupy the same mat" or eat together, meaning thereby that even before the dawn of reason the importance of the male over the female should be made apparent to the children themselves. This practice still exists and is carried to a degree forbidding that any woman shall hang her clothes on the same peg as a man. They may not use the same place for bathing, nor is it even proper for a wife to eat with her husband.

Of course, in the lower grades of society these silly restrictions are by force of circumstances impossible, but at the same time it is never forgotten that their non-observance is due entirely to poverty and not to wish or altered inclination. Indeed, the Chinese woman may be said to be born into bondage. She is liable to a life of drudgery and servitude to her parents; a life of submission to her parents-in-law—should she marry; and, of course, is her husband's slave both in this world and the next. This sentiment explains the horror that is expressed if a woman be so lost to rectitude as to "marry" a second time. Such cases are extremely rare. Of course, she cannot be legally married twice; her position is that of a second or third wife. In many parts of the country it is considered a virtue for a woman to commit suicide on the death of her husband or fiancé; in some cases the relatives force her to it mainly in the hope of securing the erection of a stone portal to her

memory by solemn edict from Pekin. These memorials—widow's monuments they are called—may be seen throughout the country and are more highly valued than any honor that a woman can possibly win during her lifetime. There is a very noted one in the centre of the Shanghai race-course, and few foreigners visit that settlement without going out to see it.

The hope of every affianced and married woman is, that it may please the fates to present her with a son. Such an event at once raises her status in the household and frees her from many of the degradations of her position. She, to a certain extent, becomes the equal of her husband (within the house), and should she have been even the third wife, the first and second having failed to present their lord with the desired heir, immediately usurps their place in the husband's favor and regard. Women are brought up with a full knowledge of their servile position; indeed, the whole course of their instruction is based on that fact. They are taught to regard man as a superior being, one designed by the gods in a higher mold and one whom it is their bounden duty to honor and obey. She can have no will of her own; he directs even the workings of her innermost thoughts. This is carried to so ridiculous an extreme that the wife must always be invisible when the husband's friends come to call on him; it would be even an insult for the guest to inquire after the host's wife's health or well-being. If a father be asked how many children he has the chances are he will answer without reckoning the girls at all; should he be without sons, he may admit in a shamefaced manner that he has "only one girl," or two, as the case may be.

Chinese girls, as a rule, are not taught to read and write for the simple reason that these are regarded as useless accomplishments for them to acquire. Many of them, however, study secretly or in spare moments after the ordinary task of the day is completed. In all grades of society, above that of the coolie class, women are instructed in embroidery, plain and fancy sewing, the manufacture of tiny shoes for their cramped "lily" feet and the construction of a general wardrobe. Cooking and similar domestic duties are religiously left to the servants. Those, however, bearing upon her position as a wife are learned early in life, and, really, it seems that the monotony of the Chinese woman's existence before a husband claims her must be the most trying time of all. But, strange as it may sound to Western ears, that day is often one which an Eastern girl regards with horror and aversion. On her wedding day she is taken from her home to that of a stranger, a man she may never have even seen before.

In China couples are affianced when in childhood, and should either die, another match is arranged; anyway, the girl is never consulted in the matter. It is taken for granted that she will only be too willing to comply with the wishes of her parents. And usually it is so, though occasionally cases occur where the bride-elect prefers suicide to the anticipated hardships of a life among strange folk. Love, as we understand the term, is more a matter of accident between husband and wife in the Flowery Land. They are united neither knowing aught of the wishes, feelings or characteristics of the other. Should they be so fortunate as to suit each other, or rather the wife to win the affection of her husband, then all is well. But it too often happens that the man tires of the woman and seeks elsewhere for congenial pleasures. It is in these cases that the lot of the China woman becomes bitter beyond bearing and the full horror of their status in the land is revealed. They are helpless. Denied relief in every earthly quarter, it is little wonder that so many of them turn to the opium draught for rest and forgetfulness.

As has been inferred, the lower classes are more fortunate in this respect than the higher. Circumstances break down the barriers which in theory exist between all men and women. In the case of the working classes, the women cannot be confined to the house; they have to work just as hard as the men and go about their callings in the town and country with equal freedom. Women row the loads in the harbors, break stones on the streets and labor in the fields side by side with the men. And although their lot may seem a hard one, there is no shadow of doubt but that there are few of them who would voluntarily surrender their freedom for a life of seclusion which, at best, is but gilded imprisonment. The status of women in China, as in all other polygamous lands, is of the negative order, and despite all efforts made toward raising their standing, little good will ever be accomplished as long as the existing form of government lasts. There are indications that it is now tottering. Should it fall and be succeeded by a more liberal and enlightened one, the emancipation of its womankind would surely follow.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

THE NICARAGUA DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

THE situation in Nicaragua has suddenly improved. The tiny Republic of Salvador has stepped in between her sister nation and England, and has arranged the terms and guaranteed the payment of the indemnity of fifteen thousand pounds. Lord Kimberley has agreed to withdraw the British warships from Corinto before the money is paid, considering the guarantee of Salvador sufficient. Thus a possible clashing of forces, the results of which might have been very far-reaching, has been averted. Fresh troubles may arise over other claims, but England is probably enlightened by this time as to the inconvenience of enforcing money demands in South America at the point of the bayonet. Sir Edward Grey, answering a question by a Liberal member in Parliament, as to why the Government had declined arbitration proposals, replied that the Nicaragua case was not one for arbitration.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

"The Canal will, for the first time, make possible an enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, hitherto a mere dogma in American policy." *Senator John Sherman.*

THE United States Commission to inspect the preliminary work on the interoceanic canal to be cut across Nicaragua is on its way to Central America. British ships-of-war have been anchored at a Nicaraguan port with a view to coercing the small Republic to the payment of "smart money." After tedious hesitation, the Administration at Washington has sent a few of our war vessels to patrol the coast and to look out for American interests. The gaze of the world is fixed upon the stretch of land which lies between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, invitingly showing, as it has shown ever since America was discovered, the "shortest cut" for the commerce of the world from west to east: the most economical route, for England and America, when they wish to send their manufactures to the five hundred millions of people who inhabit the countries bordering on the Pacific, and who live upon its islands.

On the day when the Canal is opened all the ports of the American Continent on the Pacific side will be brought, as by magic, so much nearer to Europe that trade between the two points will receive a vast impetus. The twelve hundred million dollars which now represents the aggregate annual commerce of the Pacific Ocean countries will be doubled—quadrupled, in a few years.

Vast as was the influence of the Suez Canal, when first completed, upon the trade routes of the world and the trade which poured along them, it shrinks into insignificance when compared with that which the canal across Nicaragua will exercise.

Glance at the chart of the world printed with this

article, and note the wonderful saving of distances which will be achieved by the Canal's construction. The currents of commerce which now toil around the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn on their way from Europe to Australia or India or China will hereafter dart straight across the Atlantic to Central America, pass through the Canal and on half a dozen great ocean lanes hasten to their destination.

The Canal will be the most cosmopolitan of gateways. Hong Kong and Batavia, Melbourne and Auckland, Manila and Yokohama, Shanghai and Canton, will send to it the rich produce of the Orient.

The treasures of the Pacific Slope, the wheat of Washington, the fruits of Oregon and California, the ore of Nevada and Arizona, will pass through it on their way to Europe. In the dawn of the twentieth century, the soft Southern seas will be dotted with the innumerable sails of majestic ships, carrying the wealth of States which now restrain their production, because it is so difficult to get their goods to market at cheap rates.

Built and controlled by the United States alone, the Canal would raise the volume of our trade with South American countries from a miserable one hundred million or one hundred and twenty-five million dollars annually to five or six hundred millions every year.

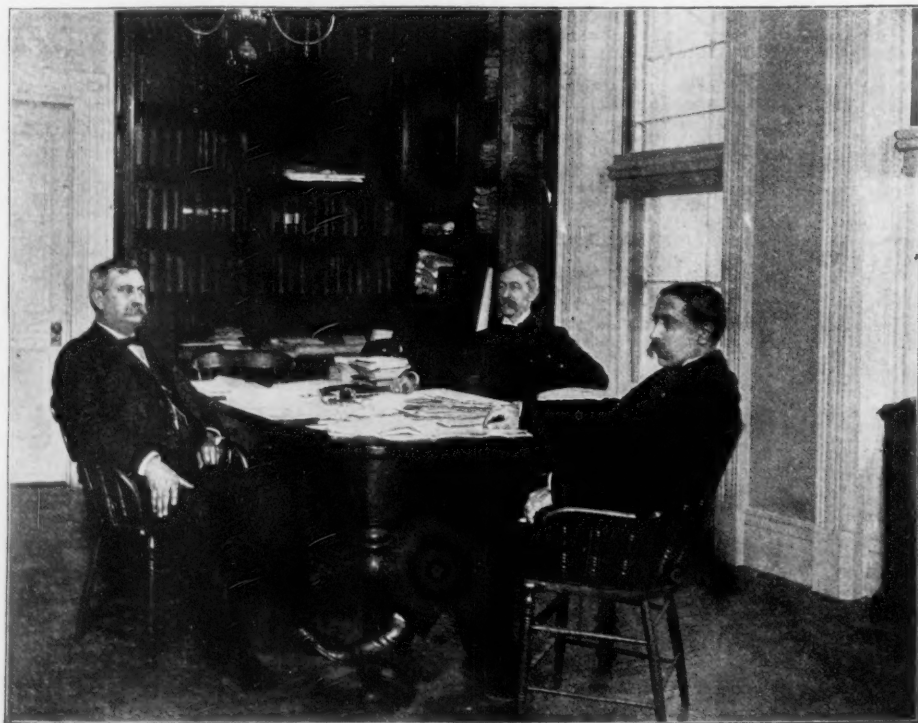
It will be an instrument of commercial as well as political power, if left in the complete control of this Government. If submitted to a "joint protectorate," or if menaced by a great maritime Power, like England, by the establishment of "observation fortresses" near at hand, its advantages to us will be vastly less. Might they not one day be completely nullified? And is it not the wiser plan to avoid aggression by being bold and enterprising ourselves, at the moment when this great undertaking is begun?

The final location of the Canal, selected after surveys innumerable, is an excellent one. On the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua its entrance will be at San Juan del Norte, which the English call Greytown since they seized it at the time that we were expanding in the direction of California. The British went away again, but the name of Greytown adhered. San Juan del Norte is in latitude 11 degrees north, longitude 83 degrees 40 minutes west from Greenwich. At present the restoration of the harbor is in progress. Thirty years ago this harbor was almost entirely closed by the formation of a sand spit across its entrance. To restore the port, a breakwater has been begun; the natural reopening of a channel across the sand barrier has been the result, and dredging will accomplish the rest when the breakwater is completed. For ten miles westward from the harbor of Greytown the Canal will run through low lands but little above the sea level; here the construction will consist merely of dredging. Nine miles from the harbor occurs the first of the eastern series of locks, with a lift of thirty-one feet; a mile beyond is the second, with a lift of thirty-one feet; and three miles further on a third causes a lift of forty-five feet. Close to the western terminus of the Canal there are two locks, of forty-one and a half feet each. A little beyond these will be a third, with a variable lift of from twenty-one to twenty-nine feet, according to the movement of the Pacific tides. Each of the locks will be sixty-five feet long, eighty feet wide and thirty feet deep.

The only important cutting of rock on the Canal route will be just to the westward of the third and last of the eastern locks. There is a rocky barrier three miles long and averaging one hundred and forty feet in width, which must be transpierced. All this rock will go to strengthen the breakwater at Greytown.

Passing the "eastern divide," the route runs twelve miles in a straight line to the river San Juan, at Ochoa. There a huge dam will raise the waters of the San Juan and San Carlos Rivers to the level of Lake Nicaragua. From Ochoa the Canal route profits by the broad and deep waterway in the San Juan River valley for no less than sixty-four miles, to the Lake. On this magnificent sheet of water there is a clear sailing line for the largest vessels for fully fifty-six miles, after which the mouth of the Rio Lajas is reached. Here excavation is again required. For nine miles westward the Canal will pass through cuttings; will go through the Tola basin, where the depth of water is from thirty to seventy feet; five miles further on will enter the western locks, and finally will reach the Pacific at Brito, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, where a rocky headland extends into the ocean, and where a breakwater nearly a thousand feet long will be constructed.

One hundred million dollars is accounted ample for the prosecution of this work, which presents few of the gigantic obstacles encountered by the now almost moribund Panama enterprise. Eighty-eight million dollars for the work, and the balance for interest upon capital until the Canal is ready for work; surely this is a modest expenditure compared with the vast indirect profit which must accrue to this country, and for securing the phenomenal development of the trade of all commercial nations which may be expected at once on the work's completion. Study the table of distances appended to the chart printed with this article, and judge what must be the immediate effect upon existing routes which are longer and more perilous than that through "the door of the world." The Suez Canal, when opened, gave Europe's chief commercial nations a vast advantage over the United States in competition for the trade of Asia. The width of the Atlantic was an element against us, and we had to calculate three thousand miles of extra water route whenever we competed. But with the completion of the Nicaragua Canal the advantages will all be on our side. A shifting of positions will occur which must inevitably bring in its train a shifting of commercial supremacy. New York should be more deeply interested than any other maritime city in the success of the Nicaragua enterprise, and its development under exclusively American control; for the short cut across Central America gives her some wonderful advantages over Liverpool and London.



Mr. Alfred Noble.

Commander Mordca T. Endicott. Col. W. Ludlow.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS TO INSPECT THE NICARAGUA CANAL ROUTE.

In view of this, the supineness of a large portion of the American people about everything which concerns the Canal is highly reprehensible. One would think that some people actually dreaded the astonishing accession of commercial opportunities which the Nicaragua Canal is to bring us. If it is true that cheap transportation has an immediate effect upon commercial development, then we may look for a surprising growth of trade in the United States by the end of the century, when white-winged ships from every sea are wafted along the great tropical waterway.

The Canal shortens the practical circumnavigation of the world from 28,363 nautical miles to 22,309 miles. To gain vastly less than this the canal at Suez was laboriously constructed. The old route of sailing round the globe from New York, for example, was by the Cape of Good Hope to Hong Kong and back around Cape Horn, and this meant sailing 30,796 nautical miles.

The question of Government participation in the construction of the Canal is a grave one, and is still under discussion by Congress. The capital required being estimated at one hundred millions, the debate is upon a pro-

weight. Senator Morgan holds that the treaty has been abandoned by Great Britain, and, he says, "I think the evidence on that subject is presented in our diplomatic correspondence in such clear light by Mr. Cass and Mr. Buchanan and others that I do not feel there is any doubt about it at all." But so long as the treaty is not denounced, the obligation on both Governments not to obtain or maintain the Canal exclusively for itself exists; yet either the United States or Great Britain may own the stock of the Canal under a charter from another Government, and particularly one under the control of Nicaragua. As by the proposed legislation we should comply literally with the requirements of the first article of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain of course could not make any complaint. She would instead do as she is doing now, try to check the onward movement of the United States without undertaking anything openly hostile to us.

"When," said Senator Morgan, in his remarks before the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce on December 14, 1892, "we came, before 1850, to see what we must do about going back and forth from our newly acquired possessions on the Pacific Coast, we found Great Britain in quiet occupancy of the San Juan River. Then the question of the Monroe Doctrine came up. She evaded the view of the Monroe Doctrine that is ordinarily taken by crowning a King, who was a native—over a native tribe in his own country; that is to say, the country he occupied and inhabited. It was a degrading forecast of the Maximilian assault upon the Monroe Doctrine. Nevertheless, the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine was utterly frustrated by that act of Great Britain, and designedly so."

One of the earliest acts of President Cleveland, during his first Administration, was to withdraw from the consideration of the Senate the treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, which had been warmly recommended by President Arthur for ratification. In this treaty provision was made for the construction of the interoceanic canal, but Mr. Cleveland objected to it as containing propositions involving paramount privileges of ownership or right outside of our own territory, coupled with absolute and unlimited engagements to defend the territorial integrity of the State where such interests lie. The United States charter of the present canal company, of which Hon. Warner Miller of this State is president, was obtained February 20, 1889. The company has a concession from the Government of Nicaragua as well as one from Costa Rica, because the route of the Canal touches Costa Rican territory, the San Juan River being in some parts the boundary line between the two countries. More than five million dollars have already been expended in surveys, in the erection at Greytown of barracks for the laborers, hospitals, warehouses and machine shops, and the improvement of the



MR. A. G. MENOCAL, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL COMPANY.



HON. WARNER MILLER.

posal that the United States Government should guarantee the bonds, securing such a voice in the administration of the company's affairs as would protect its financial responsibility.

The bill reported in the Senate January 10, 1891, by the Foreign Relations Committee, was designed expressly to avoid the question of complications on foreign alliances and international treaties, and to enable the United States to acquire a controlling interest in the Canal from the outset without asserting any sovereign powers in the territory of Nicaragua. There are various views on this subject, and a certain class objects strenuously to what it calls "subsidies"; so that the debate has been prolonged over a series of years.

Many contend, and Senator Morgan of Alabama is among them, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which contains an article declaring that neither the Government of Great Britain nor that of the United States "will ever attain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the ship canal"—has fallen by its own

harbor. A railroad has been built along the line of the Canal and completed for eleven miles. All that is needed now is that Congress should decide what is to be the role of the United States Government in the matter—whether or not it is to guarantee the Canal bonds.

The money for the enterprise will doubtless be raised, whether Uncle Sam helps or not. But he can hardly make a better investment than one which will secure the creation of such an improvement as the Canal, which will bring Japan with its forty million of people twenty-seven hundred miles nearer to New York City and thirty-five hundred miles nearer to New Orleans or Galveston, than to Liverpool by the Suez route.

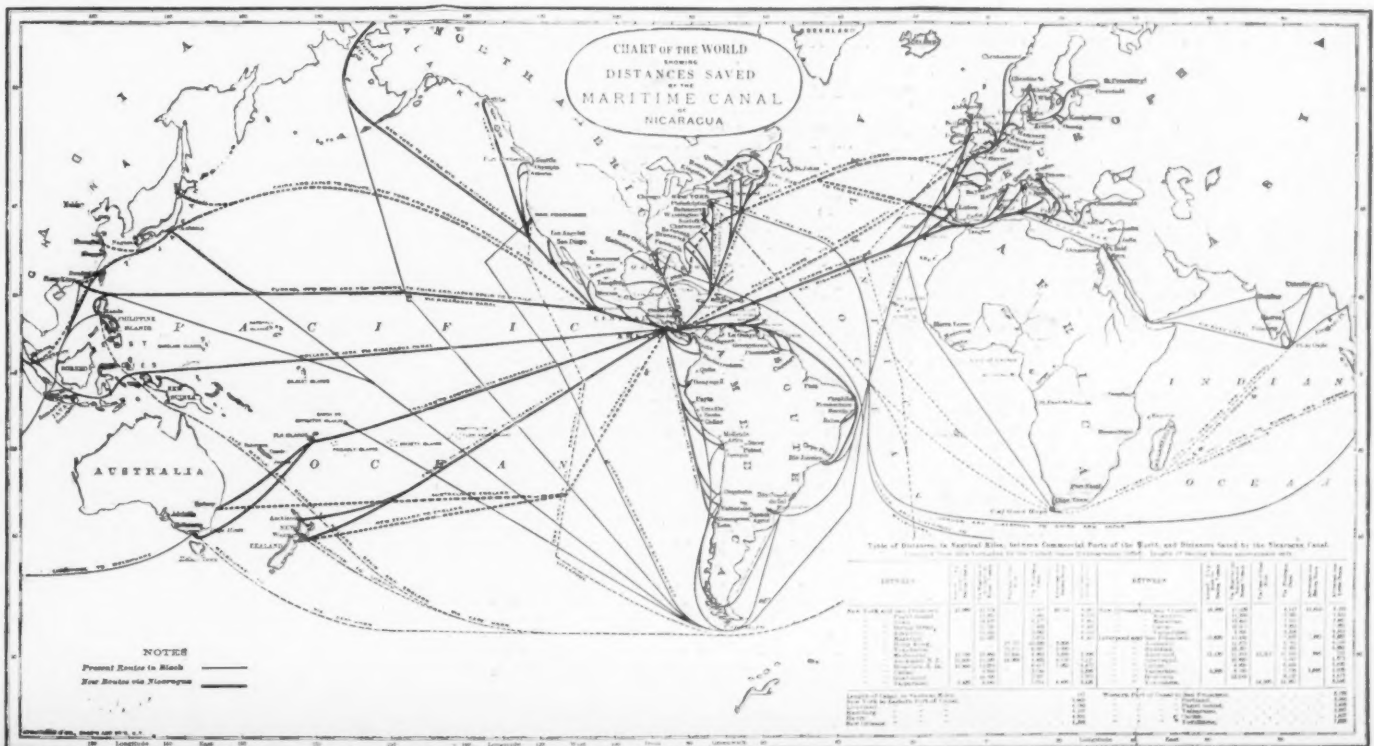
Hon. Warner Miller has been carefully over the whole route of the Canal, and the United States Commissioners—Colonel William Ludlow, U.S.A., late military attaché to the Embassy at London; Mr. Alfred Noble of Chicago, and Commander Mordecai F. Endicott, U.S.N.—are already en route for Nicaragua accompanied by the able and distinguished engineer, Mr. A. G. Menocal, whose energy and zeal in behalf of the Canal are legendary, and whose connection with the enterprise of cutting across Nicaragua dates from the very earliest days of the present scheme.

To allow the great work to languish, now that our export trade is expanding so vigorously, would be supreme folly. The Government is in duty bound to aid it in every legitimate way.

EDWARD KING.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Frederick D. Grant are to be members of Mayor Strong's new police commission for this city.

RUSSIA is said to have handed an ultimatum to Japan, and to be ready to fight.



TO SEEK BOTH POLES.

HERE is manifest just now an unusual degree of activity in all polar projects, not only on the part of those who desire to proceed in the direction of the North Pole, but of searchers for the South Pole as well.

The Arctic will receive attention from not less than nine parties, including those now in the field and others preparing to start, while the Antarctic will probably have not more than two visiting expeditions.

Three parties are now within the Arctic Circle—Nansen's drifting expedition on the "Fram," which is expected to be carried over or very near to the North Pole within the five years for which the vessel is provisioned; Peary, who elected to remain at his headquarters in McCormick Bay through another winter so as to be ready to renew his attempt to define the northern coast of Greenland by way of the great interior sea of ice, as soon as the sun returns with its morning light this spring and traveling becomes possible. The third party in the North is that commanded by Frederick Jackson, which set out in the steam whaler "Windward," on the 12th of last July, to establish a station on the southern shore of Franz-Josef Land from which to make a continuous and persistent effort to reach the North Pole by way of Austria Sound which pierces that land and trends, so far as is known, in an almost true northerly direction to a very high latitude. It was reported late last fall that this party had returned to one of the Northern ports in Norway, having found it impossible to penetrate the heavy field ice that existed in the sea south of its destination. This report seems to have proved untrue, as nothing has been heard of the "Windward" since it entered the ice west of Novaya Zemla and it is quite probable that it is now undergoing the experience of the "Tegethoff," which, twenty years ago, drifted a whole winter, tightly locked in this ice, and finally brought up on the southern coast of that then unknown land.

The only visitor to these shores since the Austro-Hungarian expedition under Weyprecht and Payer, on the "Tegethoff," which had the good fortune to drift upon and discover this, Franz-Josef Land, was Mr. Leigh Smith, a wealthy and intrepid English yachtsman, who, unfortunately, lost his yacht there on his second trip, in the summer of 1881. He passed the winter on that coast with his party in huts of stone and turf, and they eked out their meager food supply with bear and walrus meat which they obtained in plenty. Late in June they started south in open boats and reached the Matokshin Tshar, the strait that cuts the island of Novaya Zemla in two, where they were found by Sir Allen Young.

In speaking to me one day about this ice field, Sir Allen said that a man would be very foolish to put his vessel into it unless to reach open water seen beyond or to escape. For as soon as he enters the ice he relinquishes the control of his ship and must go where the ice takes him. Mr. Leigh Smith believed there would be no trouble in reaching Franz-Josef Land any season, not by entering the ice, but by keeping out of it and following it up as it receded. Last season was, however, such a very bad ice season all around that it is likely that the ice did not recede as usual, and the "Windward" may have been caught and held.

Nansen left Norway in the "Fram" in June, 1893, and entered the Kara Sea in August of the same year. Baron von Toll, the Siberian explorer, started about two months before Nansen sailed from Norway, and succeeded in placing provisions for the "Fram" on Liakof Island, one of the New Siberian group, to be taken on board by that vessel when passing. It was Nansen's plan to enter the ice in the vicinity of that group of islands and profit by the northwest current that carried the retreating crew of the "Jeannette" so far out of their course. He had faith in the strength of his powerfully built little craft, based upon the fact that the "Jeannette," a much weaker vessel, drifted in those ice fields for nearly two years. It should be borne in mind, however, that the "Jeannette" was crushed shortly after she entered the ice and was only sustained by being frozen into the pack. It was when the pack split right through the spot where the "Jeannette" was frozen to it that she at last filled and sunk.

Peary, with only one white companion, is now afield and at this moment is probably making preparations for his long tramp over the *Mer de Glace* and with better prospect of success than he has ever had before. He has been long enough with his Esquimaux neighbors to gain their confidence and will probably have their assistance on the trip this summer.

One of the earliest expeditions to leave this country this summer will be for the double purpose of scientific observation and to bring back the daring explorer from his trans-Greenland journey. A committee consisting of Cyrus C. Adams of the New York Sun, Professors William Libbey of Princeton, T. C. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago, Franklin W. Hooper of the Brooklyn Institute, and Mr. H. L. Bridgman of Brooklyn, has charge of the arrangements. The plan is to charter a steam whaler and to take on board a scientific observer from each of ten institutions of learning who will contribute one thousand dollars each toward the expenses of the voyage, which will be easily covered thereby.

Walker Wellman expects to resume his work north of Spitzbergen which was well inaugurated last year, though the ice conditions were so very unfavorable. It is probable that he will find much better ice for traveling this summer, as the very severe winter in this latitude indicates that in the North the winter was unusually mild. Under even ordinarily favorable conditions, and with a party composed as last year, and as well equipped, Wellman ought to come as near, if indeed not nearer, reaching the North Pole than any one has ever done.

Captain Julius Payer, second in command of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, on the "Tegethoff," proposes this year to take an expedition composed of artists to some point near the entrance of Franz-Josef Fiord, on the east coast of Greenland, to bring back truthful representations of the people and scenery of the Arctic regions. There has been no traveler in that part of the world but has felt dissatisfied with the pictures of Arctic life that to-day illustrate the literature on that part of the world. Even photographs are unsatisfactory, and

no one knows this fact better than Payer who is, himself, an artist and can readily discern the defects in pictorial Arctic work.

Robert Stein, of the United States Geological Survey, hopes to be able to conduct his party to the exploration of the southern and western coasts of Ellesmere Land sometime during this summer. It is probable also that an expedition will be sent out from England to look for and aid the party on the "Windward," under Frederick Jackson, for Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, his wealthy and enthusiastic backer, who spent one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to equip the expedition, would certainly not desert those he sent into the field when their fate is so uncertain in view of the unusual conditions last year.

There is some prospect also of a small party of sportsmen going into Repulse Bay to spend the winter and to add polar bears, walrus, musk oxen and reindeer to their game scores. While there, some scientific observations will probably be made, especially in terrestrial magnetism and electricity.

There is another expedition that does not propose to reach the pole either by land or sea, but to go there through the air in a balloon. The newest aspirant for polar honors by means of gas is a well-known Swedish aeronaut and civil engineer, S. A. Andree. He has postponed his trip until next year so as to give the poor fellows a chance who can only walk on land or ice or travel over seas in boats and ships.

It is some time since one of these balloon cranks has come forward with a proposition to travel in the Arctic regions in an airship. But they are periodically turning up at longer or shorter intervals. The first one I remember was Commander Cheyne, of the British Navy, who has been one of the early searchers after Sir John Franklin. He used to importune Parliament and the British Admiralty for funds to carry out his schemes, and when refused, wrote many pages to his friends complaining of his cruel treatment.

When the "Rodgers" sailed from San Francisco, in search of the "Jeannette," a balloon crank then insisted upon coming on board and bringing his balloon. He said he could find the "Jeannette" in about a day's search. But Captain Barry would not take him. Another case of cruel treatment.

Some of these balloonists propose to raise the balloon just high enough to clear hummocky ice and mountain ranges, others would attach small balloons to the sledges so that they will lighten the load and a single man could drag a sled carrying a ton or more of provisions.

One man came to me, a few years ago, as I was about to start on a three years' journey in Arctic lands, and said if I would only give him five thousand dollars and wait two months he would take me to the North Pole and back in less than two days. But unfortunately I had neither two months to spare nor five thousand dollars at my command.

A remarkable feature of these balloon Arctic voyages is that the feasibility of the plan seems to be easily susceptible of demonstration, and highly scientific bodies are not hard to find who will give their indorsement to such schemes. The fact that, so far, it has been found impossible to construct an airship that can be successfully navigated in this part of the world is altogether too commonplace and unscientific to be taken into consideration by Academies of Science. Mr. Andree proposes to have a number of ropes constantly dragging over the snow-covered land or the ice-covered sea, and says this is only possible in a country where there are no trees to catch and detain the ropes. But I have seen ropes catch in hummocky and broken ice. Notwithstanding all the objections of those who know nothing more about ballooning than that it is unsuccessful in this part of the world, it seems likely that Mr. Andree will get the thirty-five or forty thousand dollars his project requires.

The two Antarctic expeditions proposed are, first, the one of which Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, a son of the distinguished Arctic explorer, will have command, and second, the American expedition now being organized by Dr. Fred. A. Cook of Brooklyn. The Swedish expedition will sail in July and the American expedition expects to get under way sometime in September.

W. H. GILDER.

A FAC SIMILE OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

PROBABLY no document of modern times has been more written about, discussed, and variously interpreted than the Presidential Message issued on the 24 of December, 1823, by President James Monroe. For in this carefully written paper occurs the enunciation of the famous "Monroe Doctrine," or declaration of the relation of the United States of North America to her weaker neighbors on the Southern half of this Continent; and of her firm determination to prevent any European Power from making new establishments in America, or extending the monarchical system to this hemisphere.

The Monroe Doctrine was the trumpet call to arms against a policy which would not only have involved the young nation in costly wars, but would have indefinitely retarded the expansion of the United States. The wisdom and diplomatic cleverness of John Quincy Adams and James Monroe conceived the expression of national sentiment which has preserved us from many dangers during the seventy-two years since it was formulated. At this moment, when a variety of projects, more or less aggressive, on the part of European Powers in South America, has revived attention to our policy and its history, a fac simile of the frank and outspoken words of the great Virginian who had been of such invaluable service to his country will prove extremely interesting and valuable.

By the courtesy of Mr. Walter H. French, File Clerk of the House of Representatives, ONCE A WEEK is enabled, in this issue, to lay before its readers, upon its front page, an exact reproduction of that part of President Monroe's Message containing the paragraphs embodying the "doctrine." With the permission of Hon. James Kerr, Clerk of the House, Mr. French allowed a photographer from the famous establishment of the Messrs. Bell in Washington to secure for ONCE A WEEK the copy of the page embodying Monroe's declaration.

"All original messages," writes Mr. French, "of the Presidents of the United States are preserved in bound

volumes in this office. The message is in the handwriting of the President's son, or possibly his son-in-law."

It was generally believed, at the time, that John Quincy Adams was the author of that part of the message known as the "doctrine," and that he had handed in a slip of paper containing the two paragraphs, just as the President was closing his message. But there appears no historical proof of this. Adams and Monroe thought alike on the matter, but Monroe was quite capable of putting their common belief into the emphatic language in which we find it preserved.

Four years previous to the publication of the message John Quincy Adams wrote as follows, in his diary (see Vol. 4, page 438):

"November 16, 1819.—Spain had possessions upon our southern and Great Britain upon our northern border. It is impossible that centuries should elapse without finding them annexed to the United States; not that any spirit of encroachment or ambition on our part renders it necessary, but because it is a physical, moral and political absurdity that such fragments of territory, with sovereigns at fifteen hundred miles beyond sea, worthless and burdensome to their owners, should exist permanently contiguous to a great, powerful, enterprising and rapidly growing nation.

"Most of the Spanish territory which had been in our neighborhood had already become our own by the most unexceptionable of all acquisitions—fair purchase for a valuable consideration. This rendered it still more unavoidable that the remainder of the continent should ultimately be ours.

"But it is very lately that we have distinctly seen this ourselves; very lately that we have avowed the pretension of extending to the South Sea; and until Europe shall find it a settled geographical element that the United States and North America are identical, any effort on our part to reason the world out of a belief that we are ambitious will have no other effect than to convince them that we add to our ambition hypocrisy."

Here is a clear exposition of the belief which culminated in the "Doctrine" of 1823, and which is easily summed up in three words—"America for Americans!"—(See first page.)

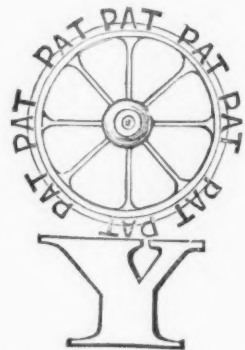
CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWERS to 1 and 2 in Vol. XV., No. 3.

1. Snow, heat, rain, hail, showers, thunder, frost, fog, blizzard, fine weather.

2. Form, body, bench, woolsock, floor, chair, pew, throne, fete, stand.

3.—REBUS.



The larger is TOTAL, the better we're pleased; From worry and care we think we are eased.

—P. A. TRICK

4.—GEOGRAPHICAL.

King "Town of Maine" was in distress;
"Virginian Swamp" his thoughts, and blue;
And as his royal power grew less,
"Pacific Islands" dwindled, too.

Quite "Minnesota Lake," the day;
"Michigan Town" had half congealed him;
He had no waterproof, they say,
Or "County of New York," to shield him.

A "Minnesota Lake" right well
Her culinary art was plying;
His Majesty far off could smell
The "Vermont River" she was frying.

She welcomed him with "Great Lake" smile,
And bade him, to deserve her bounty,
"Georgia Mount" for that cake a while,
And learn to be a "Georgia County."

"Illinois County" he was not;
Nor "New York Island" is my strain;
The cake his Majesty forgot,
Was "Island off the coast of Maine."

—M. C. S.

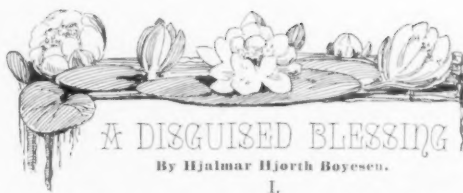
M. FOREL, the husband of the popular French actress Mme. Rejane, announces his intention of opening a French theatre in this city, in 1896, for the production of the best comedies by noted Parisian companies. The season would extend from November until May.

A YOUNG girl from Jarvis, Ont., named Theramutis Ivey, was married on April 19 to Jacob S. Herzig, who has just been sentenced to six and a half years in Sing Sing for forging his father's indorsement to a draft for eight hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The ceremony took place in the train that was conveying Herzig to Sing Sing. The couple have been engaged for over a year. It is said the girl regretted the marriage when she realized what she had done.

Charley (bidding good-by)—"I haven't the check to kiss you."
Alice—"Use mine."

At the milliner's hung a hat very fair,
And Mrs. Blinker prayed for it.
The powers immortal answered her prayer,
But Mr. Blinker paid for it.

Fox upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures all sorts of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



A DISGUISED BLESSING

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

I.

THE great man in the town of Humlebo was Lauritz Stenerson. No enterprise ever prospered in Humlebo unless Stenerson had a hand in it. No opinion ever had any chance of acceptance, until it was indorsed by Stenerson. If a stranger came to town, the first thing everybody asked was what Stenerson thought of him. If Stenerson thought ill of him, the wisest thing for him to do was to pack his knapsack and try his luck elsewhere. And, generally speaking, Stenerson was apt to look askance at strangers. He had no good opinion of any one who had not grown up, as it were, under his own supervision. He had a sense of proprietorship in the town; if a cobblestone was loose or a fence-post askew, he made a note of it and sent for the proper official, who apologized to him for the oversight. As for Stenerson's own fence, it was tall, black and always in order. He liked, in fact, to fence himself in, and to dwell, apart from the herd, in magnificent isolation. Warnings and prohibitions of all sorts were posted all over his extensive grounds.

The boys of the town, from Big Mikkel, the butcher's son, to the smallest inmate of the Infants' Asylum, were afraid of Stenerson. You need only cry, "There comes old Stenerson," and they would scamper away and vanish like dust before the wind. There was no particular reason why they should be afraid of Stenerson, except that boys generally have one thing or another on their conscience; but afraid they were, all the same—that is to say, all except Henrik Galderup. He made a stand each time, when the other boys ran; and Stenerson, as he came stalking down the street, with his nose in the air, pounding the paving stones with his stout stick, could not help feeling somewhat affronted by this solitary boy, whose fearless glance seemed to proclaim as plainly as words: "I am not afraid of you."

For truth to tell, Stenerson was the kind of man that liked to be an object of fear. His wife and daughters were afraid of him; though, in a way, they were fond of him, too; and his servants shook in their boots when he reprimanded them. Stenerson's dignity seemed to demand that people should stand in awe of him. It appeared to him but a due tribute of respect. When he saw a troop of children vanish behind a street corner at his approach, he would chuckle to himself and swing his cane with a contented air. But when, all of a sudden, on lowering his nose, he discovered Henrik Galderup standing in the middle of the road, serenely regarding him, his ire would rise, and he would accost the lad angrily:

"Why do you stand there and gape, you young rascal?" he would ask, raising a threatening forefinger, and shaking it in Henrik's face.

He scarcely expected any reply to this question, and he was quite taken aback when the boy answered:

"I am not a young rascal, if you please, sir; I am the son of Syvert Galderup, the cabinetmaker."

Now Stenerson knew perfectly well that Henrik was the son of Syvert Galderup, the cabinetmaker; and the more he thought of it, the more irritated the fact became to him. The idea that a cabinetmaker's son should have the audacity not to be afraid of him—the great Stenerson!

This was the beginning of an enmity which was to have serious consequences both for Henrik and his father. For the moment the Grand Mogul began to frown upon the elder Galderup, all the rest of the town began to frown upon him, too; and work became scarcer and scarcer in his shop. When it was voted to have the church repaired and furnished with new pews, Galderup's bid was rejected on the ground that "it was not expedient to encourage a man of his sentiments." Now, as a matter of fact, Galderup was not aware of having any particular sentiments, except on the subject of his boy who was the apple of his eye. The phrase had escaped Stenerson, in a half-random way, while he stood and hemmed and hawed in the Communal Council, not knowing exactly what to say in order to justify his objections. But when Stenerson said a thing, whether it was true or not, it instantly became true to his admirers and imitators; and it was repeated from one end of town to the other that Cabinetmaker Galderup was a man of objectionable sentiments. People began to remember all sorts of unpleasant things about him which had never occurred to them before. It was noticed that he was not a frequent church-goer, and some professed to detect something challenging and disrespectful in his air and in his demeanor toward his superiors. It was obvious that he was tainted with modern skepticism, and probably in his heart of hearts was burning to turn society upside down. Against such a dangerous "red" it was necessary to be on one's guard. To give him work was to furnish him weapons against the State, and become his fellow-conspirator.

We all know how (as in Hans Christian Andersen's story) one feather may become six hens. Galderup, who was a kind-hearted and rather neutral man, was utterly mystified as to the cause of his unpopularity. He observed that people who had hitherto had a friendly nod and greeting for him now went by without appearing to see him. People whom he addressed seemed to have difficulty in recognizing him. Scarcely any one called at his shop; and after a month of puzzled wondering he came to the conclusion that he was being systematically boycotted. Then he set to work to find the reason; but with all his questioning he could not learn anything except that Mr. Stenerson had said in the Communal Council that he was a man of objectionable sentiments. He cudged his brain to discover wherein he could have offended Stenerson; but he only groped about in a distressing dusk; not a glimmer of light was vouchsafed him, until Henrik one day by chance told him of his encounters with the Grand Mogul.

"He looked awfully mad," said the boy, "because I was not afraid of him."

"Afraid of him?" cried his father, in a fever of agitation, "why should you be afraid of him? But may God grant that I may live to see the day when he will be afraid of you."

At that moment a spark was kindled in Syvert Galderup's soul, and a mighty wrath possessed him. All the milk of human kindness in his breast was turned to bitterness. He who had wished all men well and never harmed a fly went about shaking his clenched fist at invisible foes and muttering tremendous oaths between his teeth. He was in a fair way of becoming what he had been falsely reputed to be. So hotly did his wrath burn within him that it seemed to melt the neutral or petrified parts of his being and make him conscious of feelings and faculties which he had never dreamed of possessing. He walked about with a sense of hideous disenchantment regarding himself and the world and all things about him. What a silly milkop—what a purblind, good-natured fool he had been not to have seen before what he now saw—that men were hateful and murderously selfish, women guileful and hypocritical, and the whole world a sink of filth and corruption. Scales seemed to have fallen from his eyes; and so deeply did he pity his former innocence that he was half disposed to congratulate himself on the calamity which had brought him this direful insight. He had been a slow and hesitating speaker before; but now torrents of glowing words flowed from his lips. There was something so startling in the passionate phrases which he hurled forth that he had no difficulty in finding an audience. Only people were afraid of being seen in his company. Laboring men who were anxious to hear him (but feared being compromised) therefore made appointments with him in obscure drinking shops, where they offered to treat him in order to loosen his tongue. But Syvert Galderup could not be induced to drink. He was too profoundly in earnest to care for mere conviviality. As the first stunned bewilderment wore off, and his thoughts began to clarify, he felt a growing need to revolutionize the world. But then, the world did not want to be revolutionized. It presented its huge stubborn front to Galderup, and he groaned with the sense of his impotence.

In the meanwhile the little sum which he had saved in the years of his prosperity was rapidly diminishing; and starvation stared him in the face. For himself he was not afraid. There was a grim bitter-sweet satisfaction in the thought of martyrdom. He would cheerfully die, if he could by his death abate the monstrous wrong. If he could avenge himself upon Stenerson, and by his dying accusation arouse the public indignation against him, death would seem something to be courted. But his dear wife, and Henrik, his boy—had he a right to sacrifice them, too, to his vengeance? Could he endure to see them wither away slowly before his eyes, crying in vain for bread—or should he, like any vagrant or ne'er-do-well, abandon them to the fate of paupers, supported in humiliation and misery by the parish? No; then rather death for them, too, dearly beloved though they were.

Mrs. Galderup, who had been a fragile, pretty girl, was too stunned to comprehend what had happened to her husband. She could not see the justice of his wrath, and importuned him, with tears, early and late, to beg Stenerson's pardon. She felt disgraced by the poverty they were enduring and nearly broke poor Syvert's heart by the entreaty of her eyes and the piteous appeals of her weakness and despair. He loved her so dearly; and yet, unnerved though he was, he could not make up his mind to kiss the rod, do penance for another's guilt and accept paltry alms. But no man can say what he would do, if his spirit were utterly broken. It was because he feared that hunger might unman him that he resolved to flee from hunger. But before he had arrived at that conclusion his wife died. With the last dollars that he could scrape together he bought steerage tickets for himself and his son for Quebec, and arrived two weeks later in Chicago.

(Continued next week.)

THE ADHESIVE PROPERTY OF NICKNAMES.

IF the name of the Bowery gamins who was inspired to that now famous utterance "Chauncey is a peach" was on record, he might be catalogued among those who have had greatness thrust upon them.

Already the pseudonym of his invention has achieved the dignity of mention by the dialect society. And—such are the adhesive qualities of nicknames—it is safe to predict that the great railroad magnate and after-dinner orator will be alluded to as a "peach" on every occasion of prominence, long after the inventor of his nickname has passed into the land of shadows.

Nicknames sometimes have their source in a fervid admiration, entirely beyond the scope of conventional language. They cannot be garbed in ready-made sentences. There are nicknames complimentary and nicknames uncomplimentary; some which we hand down from generation to generation, with conscious pride; others which we would gladly sink in a bottomless sea of oblivion. They all "stick."

The national nickname of America, one which is known the wide world over, was given birth to in the accidental fashion in which most nicknames come into existence:

Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut—a tall, gaunt man, who wore a swallow-tailed coat of homespun, woven in his own loom, from wool raised on his own farm, colored with maple bark from his own woods and iron filings from his own blacksmith's shop—fittingly typified Americanism. The fact that his tight-fitting, strapped-down trousers always stopped six inches short of his ankles, completed the portrait of the "Brother Jonathan" whom all the world knows and respects.

General Washington always spoke of Governor Trumbull as "Brother Jonathan," and cited him as a prototype of the keen, honest, alert American. The nickname passed from the man to the nation, and will live forever.

General Andrew Jackson is perhaps as well known by his nickname of Old Hickory as by the one given him at baptism. The sobriquet was bestowed on him by his soldiers. Two accounts of its origin have been handed down. In the one, a soldier, commenting on his general's pedestrian endurance, said he was "tough." Soon, "he was tough as hickory." Soldiers have no time to waste in circumlocution—presently he was "Hickory," to which the prefix "old" affectionately fastened itself. The second account has it, that the general, on one occasion of short rations, set his men an example of fortitude by feeding on hickory nuts uncomplainingly. His reward is an immortalized nickname.

"The Plumed Knight" has passed beyond the consideration of fame's little day; but, whenever the name of James G. Blaine is mentioned, his nickname will be coupled with it. It was first bestowed upon Mr. Blaine by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll when nominating him for the Presidency at Cincinnati. Doubtless Macaulay's lines furnished the suggestion:

"The king has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest."

"Sunset" Cox, whose real initials have been lost sight of, owing to the adhesion of his nickname, was awarded the name of "Sunset" on the strength of a very vivid and florid bit of descriptive writing dealing with a peculiar sunset.

Perhaps every one is not familiar with the origin of Gotham, as a nickname for New York City. In the county of Nottingham, England, is a place, or was a place, called Gotham, to whose inhabitants many eccentricities and small vanities were accredited. Paudling, in satirizing life and manners in the metropolis at the beginning of the present century transplanted the title.

William F. Cody's explanation of how he came to be called Buffalo Bill is worth telling over in this connection: When the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being built he was in the service of the Government. One of the railroad contractors came to him, saying that his men were out of meat, and asked Cody to contract for twenty-five buffaloes a day to supply the deficiency. He declined to contract, as he was in the service, but the managers made an arrangement with the Government and hired him at five hundred dollars a month to shoot buffaloes. It is claimed that in eighteen months he killed four thousand two hundred and eighty buffaloes, enough to make buffalo meat a wearisome diet to the railroad hands. His appearance being always the herald of more buffalo meat, he soon became known all along the line of the Kansas Pacific as "Buffalo Bill."

The tendency to apply nicknames is not confined to men (instances of which could be multiplied indefinitely), but takes in the broad field of cities, States, localities. Some of the nicknames of cities are the natural outcome of certain characteristics peculiar to them, as "Porkopolis" for Cincinnati; Kansas City has been cruelly called "Mushroomopolis"; Lowell "the City of Spindles"; Chicago the "Windy City"; Little Rock, "City of Roses"; Minneapolis, "City of Flour"; and so on through the list.

The States share a like fate in the vernacular. New Yorkers are "Knickerbockers"; Pennsylvanians are "Broad Brims"; Illinoisians, "Suckers"; Marylanders, "Craw Thumpers"; Tennesseans, "Whelps"; Michiganders, "Wolverines"; Nebraskans, "Bugeaters"; and so on, again, through the list.

Philadelphia has its "Church of the Holy Five-Twenties," from the financial proclivities of one of its builders. New York has its "Church of the Holy Zebra," suggested by its striped exterior, and its "Little Church Around the Corner"—accidentally given, pertinaciously retained. But quite enough has been said to illustrate the adhesive properties of nicknames, whether given in sport or with serious intent.

No attempt has ever been made to defend a nickname on the score of good form; but this is an age and a country in which much is condoned for the sake of force and emphasis. JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

A WEEK'S DEATH ROLL.

MAY 1.—In this city, General John Newton, the famous engineer and president of the Panama Railroad Company; in this city, Nathan Clark, the well-known caterer; in London, William Saunders, M.P.; at Oxford, England, Rev. Dr. Charles A. Heurtley. April 29.—In Montreal, Denis Barry, judge of the Circuit Court; in St. Barthelme, Canada, Canon Moreau; in White Plains, N. Y., William Olmsted. April 28.—In Boston, Hamilton Andrew Hill; in New Brunswick, N. J., Mme. Laura Hervilly; in Little Falls, N. Y., Hon. S. M. Richmond; in Leipzig, Saxony, Dr. Charles Thiersch; in Bayshore, L. I., Dr. H. M. Burton of Troy; in Brooklyn, George W. Bostwick; in this city, Rev. Dr. James G. Craighead; in Brookline, Mass., H. L. Kimball. April 26.—In this city, Rosa Fischer, wife of Emil Fischer, the great basso; in West Orange, N. J., William Noyes Griswold; at Fultonville, N. Y., ex-Judge Frothingham Fish; in Jersey City, N. J., George H. Farrier; in Brooklyn, N. Y., William J. Richardson; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Martha C. Merritt, sister of Rev. Robert Collyer.

CHEIRO, the noted palmist, whose revelations of character and ability by means of the hand are pronounced nothing short of marvelous, and who has read the palms of thousands of the best-known people in the world, including many of the crowned nobility of Europe and the uncrowned nobility of America, declares that among the most wonderful brains which have come to his notice is that of Miss Lida A. Churchill, the author, special writer and essayist, of Boston. He asserts that although the hand of this young woman indicates that almost unparalleled obstacles have hampered and delayed her, such brain power and will power as she possesses must necessarily produce work "clever, brilliant and finished," and place her in a prominent place among creative producers.

This description of "The New Woman" is neat, and, even if perchance not new, worth repeating: One who has ceased to be a lady without becoming a gentleman. —Vanity Fair.

MAY SONG.

The clover's blowing red and green,
The roses pink and white;
And through the orchard's blossom-screen
Descends a trembling light.

The garden's dreaming in the balm
Of wind-tossed flower-seeds;
In gold-flecked foliage through the calm
Inspire the humming bees.

Unto his mate the swallow calls
Above the shining plains;
Then, suddenly, a shower falls
In opalescent skeins.

Like frost it makes the streamlet shine
While the lashed wave upcurls—
And scatters on the laughing vine
A rosary of pearls.—R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AMERICAN SONGSTRESSES IN PARIS.

DURING the past winter a notable number of sweet-voiced American girls have achieved signal successes in the musical world of Paris, to the wonder and delight not only of their friends and compatriots, but even of the most exacting French critics. The jealous strongholds of the Opera, Opera-Comique and Conservatoire have each in turn been victoriously taken by the daughter of the Puritans, who is beginning to show the world that art as well as utility is her domain, and that the Old World, which has hitherto welcomed and flattered her for her wealth and beauty, now owes her homage for her superior talents. Conspicuous in more than one sense among the fortunate young artists alluded to are the beautiful Mrs. Kinen and her sister, Miss Lydia Eustis, nieces of Mr. James B. Eustis, our Ambassador to France, and daughters of his brother, Mr. Allain Eustis, who resides in Paris. The appearance at the Conservatoire concerts this winter of these talented sisters was one of the most talked-of events of the season in musical circles.

The staid old Conservatoire—the gray walls of which, like the hearts of its white-haired guardians, seem incrustated with hoary traditions, where Perfection has presided for over a century and where the Spirit of Art itself seems enshrined and jealously guarded against the presumptuous approaches of false or unworthy devotees—has at last been forced to open its doors to admit American singers to the narrow circle of the "Société des Concerts." Not, however, before the candidates for this signal distinction showed themselves equal to one of the severest and most exhaustive tests of their ability to be found in the whole repertory of classical music—namely, a mass by Bach. Bach is the god of Parisian musicians, and the Conservatoire is his Temple.

The two American girls did not flinch, but entered on this trying ordeal, before the most fastidious critics in the world, with the courage born of absolute self-confidence. Having accomplished their task to the highest satisfaction of their judges, they came out at the close, crowned with a well-earned success.

The sisters have been in Paris for twelve years and have been serious musical students the greater part of that time.

The elder of the two, Mrs. Kinen, is married to a Russian. The younger, Miss Lydia, is a rare beauty of the Spanish type, tall, straight, beautifully formed with a calla-lily complexion, Grecian features, the blackest hair, and snapping black eyes shaded with long, heavy lashes. Young, full of life and intelligence, a stylish dresser, and having all the graceful independence of American girlhood—so charming when controlled by taste and sense—her personality is unusually attractive.



MISS SUZANNE ADAMS.

Mrs. Kinen is somewhat smaller, lighter of complexion, yet also uncommonly beautiful. She has three children, two boys, whom she dresses in sailor costume, and a beautiful little girl. All the children are remarkably fond of music. They have their own little organ on which they make chords for their own pleasure, often "making up" pretty strains of song accompaniment. They are already being taught the precious *sol-fège* and harmony which is to French children what the multiplication table is to us.

Mrs. Allain Eustis is a very sweet-looking, motherly woman, who keeps her interests and sympathies close to those of her children. Herself a musician, she has been wise and careful in directing their education in their chosen art.

Mr. Eustis is the very opposite of his brother in temperament. Our Minister is a quiet, reflective, serious man, who makes others do the talking while he sits in judgment. Mr. Allain Eustis is facile, genial, talkative, full of spirit and animation—one of those men who make people feel that they have known him for years, after one conversation.

The family comes from New Orleans. American, French and Spanish blood is mingled in their veins. An ancestor was, I believe, Governor of Massachusetts. A married son lives in New York State, and Miss Lydia frequently runs home to see the family.

Mrs. Kinen has a voice of mezzo-soprano quality, with rare appealing power, and *legato* sure, pure and sweet. Her training has been the very best, and as her intelligence is beyond the common, she has triumphed easily over the difficulties of correct phrasing. She sang all the most exacting solo parts of the mass and was enthusiastically applauded.

Miss Lydia's work, though less ambitious in scope, was executed with equal intelligence. Her voice is also of the "grave" quality, though lighter than her sister's. At the Conservatoire concert Mrs. Kinen and Miss Eustis occupied the box of the President of the Republic when not singing.

Some years ago there was established in Paris a "Society of Concerts of Society Women" by two ladies of title, as an aid to the charitable works to which their lives were devoted. To it belonged some seventy ladies from the highest circles of Parisian society, many of them artists who might have won distinction in the professional world. All were earnest and gifted students. Of this circle Mrs. Austin Lee, at present in Cairo with her husband, Mrs. Kinen and her sister were valuable members.

The present professor of the singers is the wife of the distinguished Dr. Frelat, who was also one of the stars of this brilliant coterie, and who continues her art work in the direction of teaching society singers, a depart-



MME. FRANCES SAVILLE.

ment wholly distinct from that of stage preparation. Every two weeks this lady gives a pupils' concert in which only part-songs are sung, and those very difficult, the idea being to inculcate a musical sense, and a self-effacement in which there is no striving for personal effect. The effort is all toward musical perfection. Once in three weeks this interesting seance is directed by M. Charles-Marie Widor, the celebrated composer, who polishes up the work to the requisite finish, and enthralls the class to white heat. The fourth week a grand matinee is given, which is one of the *recherché* musical events of Paris. In this manner was the musical taste and intelligence of Mrs. Kinen and her sister trained to the extremely difficult task which they have so successfully performed.

Another temple consecrated to the highest art is the Paris Opera House, the sacred threshold of which was deftly crossed by the gifted Californian, Miss Sibyl Sanderson, who sent her silvery notes quivering with the gilded cupids of the topmost domes in a way which made the French people draw breath and say, "She was the one American girl who could have done it."

Her blonde beauty had scarcely disappeared from its stage when Miss Suzanne Adams, the pretty brunette from Boston, took up the French sceptre where her compatriot had dropped it. This feat was not accomplished by management or favoritism. Miss Adams knew how to sing, she knew how to sing French (which was more important), and she also knew how to show that she did; they needed her and they took her, that was all. The leading French paper declared that it was the most interesting debut ever made at the Opera. The surprising part of it, however, is the superb style in which her *entrée* was made. On hearing her voice, the Directors had an orchestra rehearsal arranged on purpose to give her the best possible advantage in showing her merits, something that was never before done for an artist under similar circumstances. She was at once engaged, and put in training for "Romeo and Juliet," in which she made her debut.

After speaking of the excellence of the work, the tone of all criticism was surprise before the complete *aplomb* of the American debutante who not only sang the opera in the original key throughout, but at a critical climax struck the octave above, producing an effect as unusual as it was electrifying, and with the ease and surety of a stage veteran. She is now well established in Paris—has a three years' contract with the Opera, with all the privileges of education, as if she were a first prize pupil of the Conservatoire.

Do not go to packing your trunks now, girls, to start for Paris in the morning. In the first place, Miss Adams is of Irish ancestry, which throws a dash of temperament into her character which is half the battle. Then she has been some six years in Paris, has had two nice little fortunes spent upon preparation, and has had the cream of instruction from the start. So you see you have much to put in your trunk besides your clothes.

Miss Adams is about middle height, slender, very straight, with a very small waist but good chest, and small hands and feet. She has quantities of heavy dark hair, large dark eyes, slightly prominent chin, and pallid complexion. She looks delicate, but is quite strong.

Over at the Opera-Comique, eighteen years ago, they gave a representation of "Paul and Virginia" that was

so supremely perfect they never have dared give it since. People sighed when they mentioned the opera as of something which they might never again see in this life. A girl from San Francisco suddenly swooped down here one day from Russia, where she was not only a singer but a "pet," and not only walked right on to the Opera-Comique stage, but walked off with all the solid honors of "Paul and Virginia," and is playing it here every night as though she had been born next door. Mme. Frances Saville, although born in San Francisco, spent her early life in Australia, until a smart American, who knew how to make love as well as a fortune, met and married her, and gave her a splendid home in the big far-away island which is all upside down and inside out. Love of fame and fortune being stronger than domesticity, they returned to the art world, and the young wife, who was then almost an artist, settled down to serious finishing study with the above result. Husband and wife are living in Paris in a handsome apartment on the Rue Francois Premier.

Mme. Saville is a very sweet-looking young woman, blonde, with a mass of golden hair that is half her fortune in "Virginia." She looks slight, but is plump, and her complexion is very fair. She is a good musician as well as singer, and believes in intelligence in a prima donna. She, too, has taken great pains with her French diction, but being of French descent, it was not so difficult for her as for others. She is healthy, happy and studious, and a great believer in the future of art in America.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

EACH great civilization of the world has had its peculiar problem, and the problem of our age is to find the correct solution of the labor question. The Greeks attained the acme of intellectual excellence; but they lived only one side of life, and neglected to study the safeguards of national existence. The Romans reached the summit of military superiority; their civilization perished because they were not able to assimilate the hordes of barbarians that poured in on them from all sides. We live in the age of scientific development and we glory in the triumphs of man over physical nature, but the great problem we have to face and the one peculiar to our civilization is the labor question. It has come upon us in the midst of our triumphs, and many thinkers believe that upon its correct solution depends the well-being of our civilization.

Labor, of course, is as old as man himself; but those perplexing phases of this great question which we find so frequently manifested in strikes, in the endless disputes of capital and labor, in controversies about rent and the rights and wrongs of labor are only one century old. Temperance reform, tariff reform, currency reform and many other species of reformation engross a great deal of the efforts of philanthropists and statesmen. But when some great contest brings the labor question prominently before us we become painfully aware of its transcendent importance. No other age was called on to deal with the problem of free labor as we are to-day. The programme of the American Federation of Labor, or of any other labor society, though no doubt containing much that is unwise even in our day, would be classed as the wildest nonsense in the days of Aristotle. All ancient civilizations were based on slave labor. The bulk of the population was composed of slaves, and it has been estimated that in Athens there were twelve slaves to one free family. Manual toil was regarded as a degrading occupation, and the highest excellence in those classic lands was to spin sophisms or discuss moral truths. The dignity of labor was quite a new-fangled doctrine when it made its first appearance in this strange world. Now, men are beginning to think that there is no dignity except that of labor, and the doctrine of Paul of Tarsus is the first plank in every labor platform. The literature of an age faithfully reflects its thoughts and aspirations. It tells of its problems and how they are met. But in the literature of our age only do we read of the labor question. In Shakespeare's plays, for instance, we find few of the characters taken from the ordinary walks of life. Like Coriolanus, "he had no love for the common people." All the fine thoughts come from the Hamlets and the Romeos. The nobles were the only class worth writing about. Jack Cade is the only hero taken from the ranks of labor. Even the thieves come in for some words of praise, but the cobbler, the peasant and the carpenter are "base mechanicals."

The labor question owes the great importance it has attained in our day to two causes: the spread of enlightenment and education, and, in particular, the extension of the suffrage. Men demand a greater share in the government of their affairs. They demand a greater share of the rewards of industry and an equalization of the conditions of life. Will they show themselves capable of discharging the responsibilities they are willing to assume? All these are very new and very perplexing questions. They are not to be solved by bayonets and bullets. When these agencies become a necessity our civilization is doomed to go the way of those that have preceded it. There is no prominent statesman in our country whose life has been thoroughly identified with these questions. Our public men perhaps are not yet fully alive to their importance. But they have claimed the attention of the two most influential statesmen of Europe—Gladstone and Bismarck.

Every civilization has exhibited in its career the phases of individual life. The period of greatest prosperity was the prelude to decline. The labor question is for us the problem of existence. If we solve it our present civilization will be only the prelude to a greater that will follow. If we fail to meet it our triumphs are at an end.

F. W. H.

A REWARD FOR HONESTY.

The wonderful growth of Sears, Roebuck & Co., of 171 and 173 West Adams Street, Chicago, is a striking example of the merits of honest dealing, and should be an object lesson to all young men. By their strict integrity, close attention to business, and following a policy of treating every customer at a distance exactly as they would like to be treated were they in a customer's place, they have grown even beyond their wildest expectations. They handle nearly everything the consumer uses, and their big free catalogue tells all. Their advertisement will be seen in our columns from time to time, and our readers will do well to correspond with this big house.



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OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 21.

JOHAN J. GARDNER, re-elected from the Second Congressional District of New Jersey, was born in Atlantic County in that State in 1845. When sixteen he enlisted in the Sixth New Jersey Volunteers; in March, 1865, enlisted for one year in the U. S. Veteran Volunteers. He was Mayor of Atlantic City in 1868, and re-elected to the same office several times. Mr. Gardner was a member of the New Jersey Senate for fifteen years, and was elected to the Fifty-third Congress as a Republican. In 1894 he was re-elected by a large majority.

Henry H. Bingham, who will again represent the First Pennsylvania District, which he has represented in all Congresses since and including the Forty-sixth, was born in Philadelphia in 1841; was graduated at Jefferson College in 1862; studied law; served gallantly in the Civil War, and was mustered out of service as Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia in 1867, and served until 1872; was Clerk of Courts until 1875; delegate-at-large to the Republican National Conventions in 1872, 1876, 1884, 1888 and 1892; and was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress. He has been prominent in Congressional debate ever since that time.

George Louis Wellington, Congressman from the Sixth Maryland District, was born in Cumberland, Md., in 1852. At the age of twelve he began the struggle of life by securing work in a canal store. At eighteen he was clerk in the Second National Bank of his native town. In 1882 he was elected County Treasurer by the Board of County Commissioners. This office he held until 1888, and was again elected to the position in 1890. He was one of the delegates from Maryland to the Republican National Conventions of 1884 and 1888. In 1889 he was nominated by the Republican State Convention as the candidate of that party for State Comptroller, and at the election in November, although defeated with the remainder of the ticket, he received the largest majority ever given a candidate in his own county. On July 9, 1890, he was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Baltimore, which position he held for four years, receiving the highest commendation from the department for the manner in which the affairs of the office had been conducted. In 1892 he was the Republican candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, but suffered defeat in the Democratic tidal wave that swept the country in that year. In 1894 he was renominated for Congress, and elected by the largest majority ever given any candidate in the district.

Michael Griffin, Representative from the Seventh Wisconsin District, was born in 1842; has resided in Wisconsin since 1856; was educated in the common schools of Ohio and Wisconsin; enlisted as a private September 11, 1861, in Company E, Twelfth Wisconsin; served until close of war; was promoted successively to Second and First Lieutenant; was at the siege of Vicksburg in the Meridian and Atlantic campaigns; on Sherman's March to the Sea and through the Carolinas; was wounded at Atlanta July 21, 1864; mustered out July 16, 1865. He was member of the County Board of Columbia County, Wisconsin, in 1874 and 1875; member of Assembly in 1876; City Attorney of Eau Claire in

1878, 1879 and 1880; State Senator in 1880 and 1881; Department Commander Grand Army of the Republic in 1887-88; Quartermaster-General of State with rank of Brigadier-General in 1889 and 1890; read law and admitted to the Bar May 18, 1863, and has since engaged in active practice. In 1894 he was elected to the Fifty-third Congress as Republican to fill a vacancy, and also to the Fifty-fourth, receiving 17,896 votes against 9,906 votes for George W. Lewis, Democrat.

David Brenner Henderson, member re-elected from the Third District of Iowa, was born at Old Deer, Scotland, in 1840; came to this country in 1849; was educated at the Upper Iowa University; served in the Civil War; was Internal Revenue Collector for the Third Iowa District from 1865 until 1869; was Assistant U. S. District Attorney for the Northern division of the Iowa District for two years; was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress, and has been regularly re-elected since.

Wm. Carlisle Arnold, who will represent the Twenty-eighth District of Pennsylvania in the coming Congress, was born in Luthersburg, Clearfield County, July 15, 1851. He received a liberal education in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and was graduated from the renowned Phillips Academy, of Andover. While very young he entered the Curwensville National Bank, where he served several years as teller, and began the study of law in Clearfield in 1873, being admitted to practice in June, 1875. He is a lawyer of admitted superior ability, conceded to be one of the most brilliant men of his profession, and universally recognized as being one of the most forcible and eloquent speakers in Western Pennsylvania. In politics Mr. Arnold has always been a staunch and ardent Republican.

POOR MARTHA!

MARTHA is six years old, and it is almost a year since her mother died. In that time how often has she seen her father's eyes red from weeping! Poor father! he will never recover from his sorrow or be consoled, and if he has a little courage for the future, it is only on his little girl's account. How a year has changed him! His hair has whitened, his face is furrowed by tears, and although he is not yet thirty-five, he stoops like an old man.

This evening, as usual, he is busy with his sad thoughts, and at times his eyes fill with tears as he remembers that next day will be Christmas. That afternoon, on leaving his office, he bought a beautiful doll for his little Martha, thinking to himself: "My poor wife was so happy last Christmas in preparing the toys for our little one, and to think that six days after she was dead! Oh, that awful 30th of December, when death tore her from me!" Unable to restrain his grief, he goes into the next room to hide it from Martha, but she softly follows him, her eyes full of tears, and says gently:

"Dear papa, you are crying? You are always thinking of mamma. You must not cry any more, for it is Christmas Eve, and, as I have been very good, Santa Claus will come, and I will await him and ask, since he comes from heaven where mamma is, that he

give me news of her. You will let me sit up, won't you?" she adds, clasping her little arms about her father's neck.

Alas! he cannot answer her, so great is his suffering, but he kisses her and presses her to his heart, murmuring only: "My good little darling, my dear little Martha!" but he can say no more, for sobs choke him. After some moments, regaining possession of himself, he dries his eyes and occupies himself with his little daughter.

Toward nine o'clock Martha was sleeping soundly in her father's arms, and he softly put her to bed. When she awoke next morning, she found toys, like other children, yet she cried a great deal, and her heart was full of bursting as she said to her father: "Why did you let me sleep?" Poor innocent child! She had not been able to ask Santa Claus for news of her mother.

II.

Martha has grown now. It is four years since her mother died, and for four days she has been fatherless, for he is dead of a broken heart.

Except for a good neighbor woman, who since this bereavement has taken care of her, she was alone when she followed her father to his last resting-place. The little orphan understood that now she had no one to whom she could look for love or comfort. Oh, how she wept! It was very cold at the cemetery, and since that day she has been in bed with the fever. The doctor has come and said: "It is grave," and the little patient has heard him and understood.

The 24th of December has come again. Christmas, the day of rejoicing for children, will dawn to-morrow. How sad Martha is, and how her little heart suffers, yet she says to the good woman who cares for her: "Thank you very much; you are very good to take such care of me. You know I am going soon to see my papa and mamma. When I will be with them I will be very happy, and I will tell God how good you have been to me."

"Do not speak so, dear," responds the good woman, greatly touched. "You are not very ill, and Santa Claus will bring you some toys."

"Oh, no," replied the little girl. "I have had a great deal of sorrow, and I do not wish any playthings. I would rather that Santa Claus came for me to go with him up there."

Then the pretty little head fell back upon the pillow, and in her delirium the little one repeats: "Dear Jesus, dear Santa Claus, take me to my papa and mamma."

Suddenly she sits upright in the bed and addresses the neighbor:

"Madam, quick, dress me quickly! Santa Claus is coming and he will not wait for me. Quick, quick! he wishes to take me away."

But, exhausted by this effort, the beautiful child falls back, murmuring: "Thank you, Santa Claus. Now Jesus gives me back my papa and mamma. Noel! Noel!"

No more. It is finished, and as the clock strikes twelve Martha is happy, for she has gone to rejoice those whom she has lost.

MME. A. VAUTHIER-BEAUMONT.

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PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

NOWHERE is there a greater diversity of costumes visible than among the fair bicycle riders whom one sees in this fine weather in such numbers spinning through the Park or along the Boulevard. The majority, sad to relate, are anything but "fit," and it is no wonder, while so many women choose to make spectacles of themselves, on their wheels, that a considerable section of the community obstinately refuse to consider the pastime of bicycle



LADIES' BICYCLE COSTUME.
6119. Basque. 6120. Skirt.
6121. Divided Skirt and Leggings.

riding one that is compatible with feminine modesty and dignity. I would therefore exhort every woman who contemplates taking up the popular fad of the hour to begin by making a careful study of what her outward presentment shall be when she mounts the giddy eminence of her wheel. The trim and natty little costume shown here may serve as a model to the bicyclist who is able to make her own. The pattern is in three pieces—namely, the Norfolk Jacket, 6119; Skirt, 6120; and Turkish Trousers or Divided Skirt and Leggings, 6121. A great many women prefer tights to trousers as being less weighty and cumbersome, and a few have the hardihood to wear trousers without a skirt, but their example is not to be commended. A well-made skirt is no hindrance in riding a bicycle; and, on the other hand, it adds a grace and modesty to the costume which are conspicuously absent in trousers. In the skirt shown here a double box-plait is laid underneath, on each side of the front gore of the skirt, giving room for the free motion of the limbs. Silk lining is necessary to prevent friction with the trousers. The neat Norfolk jacket is made with triple box-plaits back and front; a leather belt is worn over it. The material in this costume is plaid tweed, which may be of mixed brown or gray shades.



6432—LADIES' WAIST

A very pretty pattern of a Ladies' Blouse is shown in 6432. The material is figured organdie in violet and white, handsomely made up over linings of violet taffeta, and trimmed with satin ribbon of the same rich shade. The lining of the waist is glove-fitting, being shaped with the usual double bust darts and other seams, and closes invisibly in the centre front. The full fronts are gathered on the upper and lower edges, and

form soft folds as they fall from yoke depth with the fashionable blouse effect at the waist, the closing being made under the stylish box-plait that is decorated with fancy pearl buttons. A smoothly covered pointed yoke is included in the right shoulder and closes at the left, the edges being trimmed with a double row of satin ribbon, rosettes of the same adorning the shoulders. The back displays the fashionable triple box-plaits that taper at the waistline, the waist being finished with a belt of ribbon that points front and back. A crash collar of satin finishes the neck, closing with a rosette in the back. The full gigot sleeves show the bournous method of draping, a style at once new and graceful. They are arranged over comfortable linings of taffeta, the wrists being finished with double rows of ribbon. This design is well adapted for waists of silk, satin, moire, velvet and fancy woolen materials, as well as for batiste, lawn, gingham, or other wash fabrics. Pattern 6432 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The pretty frock with the fashionable yoke blouse effect shown in 6377 is one of the newest spring styles for girls. Pretty figured chaille in old pink and pale blue on a cream-colored ground is here shown, daintily decorated with old pink satin ribbon and creamy lace insertion. The blouse portions of the waist are stylishly adjusted over a comfortable fitted body-lining, the upper portions of which are covered with the material and exposed to square yoke depth. The yoke is outlined above the fullness and over the shoulders by a decoration of insertion laid over the satin ribbon. The standing collar is covered with ribbon and insertion to match. Full puffs are becomingly arranged over fitted sleeves that are trimmed at cuff depth with ribbon under insertion. The full skirt is



6377—GIRLS' FROCK

gathered at the top and sewed to the lower edge of the body, the blouse almost entirely hiding the seam. The stylish waist decoration shown consists of a crushed ribbon belt with rosettes placed on each side of the fronts, single ends falling over the skirt. The waist closes in the centre back invisibly, or with buttons and buttonholes, as preferred. The design is as well adapted to silk or woolen materials as to the pretty cotton fabrics now being prepared for the coming season, and can be handsomely decorated with ribbon and lace or finished as plainly as desired. The yoke and fitted lower portions of the sleeves can be omitted if desired, to be worn with a guimpe. Pattern 6377 is cut in four sizes: viz., 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

Blue and white broken checked gingham made the serviceable and protective apron shown in 6397. A square yoke forms the upper portion, which is fitted by shoulder seams, and furnished with wide hems in the back where it closes with buttons and buttonholes. The full front and back are gathered at the top with a narrow heading and joined to the lower edge of the yoke, falling in graceful fullness to the bottom of the dress skirt. The broad sash ties are inserted in the under-arm seams, holding the fullness at the waist in the back under prettily looped bows and ends. The full bishop sleeves are gathered top and bottom, wristbands of good width (through which the hands can be easily slipped) finishing the wrists. A standing collar or band finishes the neck. The utility and durability of these aprons make them popular with mothers, as in hot weather they take the place of a dress for morning and ordinary wear. Dainty aprons may be made in this style from white dimity, nainsook, lawn or cross-



6397—CHILD'S APRON

barred muslin, and trimmed with embroidery or lace edging. The pattern is cut in four sizes—for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

The natty and serviceable Misses' Reefer Jacket shown in 6425 is made from fancy chevrot in popular tan and ecru shades. The loose-fitting fronts lap in double-breasted style, being closed on the left with a single row of buttonholes and large white pearl buttons. A corresponding row of buttons can be placed on the right front if the usual style of closing is preferred. Stylish lapels reverse at the top to meet the rolling collar in notches. A perfect fit is secured in the back by means of under-arm and side back gores, with the usual curving centre seam that ends in coat laps below the waistline. Stylish coat plaits are folded under the side back seams, each being marked below the waist by a large pearl button. Pockets are inserted in each front under square-cornered laps that are neatly lined and stitched in tailor fashion. The full gigot sleeves are both comfortable and stylish, and can be made over a lining or not, as preferred. All the edges are finished with machine stitching, which, with the seams, must be well pressed with a hot iron on the wrong side, a damp cloth being laid between the iron and the material. Tweed, serge, whipcord, covert



6425—MISSES' REEFER JACKET

and ladies' cloth, pique, duck, Madras, or other fashionable woolen or cotton suitings will make stylish jackets by this pattern, which is cut in four sizes: viz., 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

A good pattern is given in No. 6126 for

a Man's Negligé Shirt. Various fancy shirtings are now shown for making these comfortable summer garments. The material here represented is fine cream duck, the plaid being made by cross bars of dark blue silk woven through. The necktie matches the plaid. Stylish silk and wool mixtures with striped, plaid and dotted surfaces, cotton chevrots, outing flannel, serge, percale, cambric, or any



6126.
Gent's Outing Shirt.

preferred material are used for making shirts of this kind. This pattern is cut in six sizes: viz., 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches breast measure.

USEFUL GIFTS FOR INVALIDS.

THERE are many articles both useful and ornamental which would make acceptable gifts to invalids and help to brighten their dreary lot. If an invalid is fond of books, give him a revolving bookcase in which his favorite volumes may stand always within his reach. The square top forms an excellent resting-place for a lamp. A good reading-lamp will surely be appreciated. Choose one with a turquoise-blue glass shade, which is prettier than the ordinary green and quite as restful to the eyes.

A comfortable basket-chair with a receptacle at one side for books and papers is also a cheerful and cheering adjunct to the sick-room, and a down quilt or an Australian blanket cannot fail to prove acceptable.

Fringed tray-cloths, with the invalid's embroidered monogram, will be a graceful offering and will add considerably to the appearance of the invalid's tray, of which he often detests the sight. Prettily covered and frilled pillows or a few loose covers for pillows will be welcome gifts.

For a more expensive gift choose a Worcester or a Crown Derby cup and saucer, or broth bowl, and as invalids usually have flowers in the room, a dainty vase or a cut-glass rose-bowl would no doubt be much appreciated.

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CHESS.

THE Hastings tournament will be followed by a National Chess Congress to be held in Berlin in July. During the meeting Tarrasch will play a return match with Tschigorin.

At the annual meeting of the City Chess Club of New York the only change made in the officers was the election of E. Delmar to the position of vice-president of the club.

Widespread regret is felt at the death of two well-known English chess players, George C. Heywood of the Newcastle Chronicle, and Mr. William N. Potter. Both did good service to the game in their

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day with the pen, and the latter took high rank as a player.

A chess magazine in France, edited by M. Janowski, announces that for a fee of two francs correspondents may have their games annotated by the master, who will also publish any curious or entertaining positions.

F. J. Lee, the English master who has for some time been touring in this country, paid a visit to Pittsburgh recently and met the amateurs of the Allegheny County Association. In two nights' simultaneous play he scored seven wins to four lost and four drawn games, and seven wins to one drawn game. He also played and won a fine consultation game against eight of the strongest players in the club.

A CORRESPONDENCE GAME.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
E. O. Jones, Dr. Smith,	E. O. Jones, Dr. Smith,	E. O. Jones, Dr. Smith,	E. O. Jones, Dr. Smith,
London, London,	London, London,	London, London,	London, London,
1 P-K 4 P-K 3	16 Kt x B Q-R 8 ch	1 P-K 4 P-K 3	16 Kt x B Q-R 8 ch
2 P-Q 4 P-Q 4	17 K-Q 2 Q-R 1 ch	2 P-Q 4 P-Q 4	17 K-Q 2 Q-R 1 ch
3 Kt-Q B 3 Kt-K B 3	18 K-B Q x Kt (ch)	3 Kt-Q B 3 Kt-K B 3	18 K-B Q x Kt (ch)
4 B-Kt 5 B-K 2	19 B-Q 3 Q-K 2	4 B-Kt 5 B-K 2	19 B-Q 3 Q-K 2
5 B x Kt B x B	20 Kt-K 4 K-Q (ch)	5 B x Kt B x B	20 Kt-K 4 K-Q (ch)
6 P-K 5 B-K 2	21 Kt-Q 6 K-R 2	6 P-K 5 B-K 2	21 Kt-Q 6 K-R 2
7 Q-Kt 4 P-Kt 3 (ch)	22 B-K 4 B-Q 2	7 Q-Kt 4 P-Kt 3 (ch)	22 B-K 4 B-Q 2
8 P-K 4 P-K 4	23 Q-Q R 3d K-K 2	8 P-K 4 P-K 4	23 Q-Q R 3d K-K 2
9 Q-Kt 3 P-Q 4	24 Q-B 5 B-K	9 Q-Kt 3 P-Q 4	24 Q-B 5 B-K
10 P x P B x P	25 R-R 3 P-K B 4	10 P x P B x P	25 R-R 3 P-K B 4
11 Castles (b) Kt-B 3	26 P x P e. p. Q x P	11 Castles (b) Kt-B 3	26 P x P e. p. Q x P
12 P-K B 4 Q-R 4	27 R-Q Kt 3 Q x P ch	12 P-K B 4 Q-R 4	27 R-Q Kt 3 Q x P ch
13 Kt-K B 3 P-Q R 3	28 K-Kt R-Q R 2	13 Kt-K B 3 P-Q R 3	28 K-Kt R-Q R 2
14 Kt-K Kt 3 P-Q 5 (ch)	29 Kt x B Resigns (ch)	14 Kt-K Kt 3 P-Q 5 (ch)	29 Kt x B Resigns (ch)
15 Q-Kt-K 4 Q x P		15 Q-Kt-K 4 Q x P	

NOTES BY JAMES MASON.

(a) Perhaps the balance of advantage inclines to 7... castles. But in a correspondence game, in which time is not urgent, Dr. Smith may have felt justified in striking out upon this more arduous line of defense.

(b) It is hard to find any specific objection to any of all this, and yet white has none the best of it on the merits.

(c) A very dangerous kind of move. Besides weakening the pawn, it opens a ready way for the opposing knights to do probable damage. But then black's play is for counter attack, as a set-off to non-casting and some risk should be taken.

(d) Checking might be persisted in, compelling white king to an unfavorable position or a draw. From this black soon finds himself in very serious

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begin to strike. He is then left to himself, and it is very amusing to watch him go here and there striking aimlessly, sometimes quite in the opposite direction from the pot. Should he succeed in breaking the flower-pot, he is entitled to keep all the forfeits it contains. It is then the turn of the next player, who goes through the same performance.

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difficulties. White's next move threatens Kt x B P.

(e) The Q P being doomed, the king crosses over immediately. But white plays for more than the pawn, and the light is not a success. At the same time it does not appear what better policy could be pursued at this critical juncture.

(f) Omen of sundry pretty things. Black must now take care of his queen. Still... Q R Q in reply would be a failure. 24 B x Kt, B x B; 25 Kt-Kt 5 ch, K-Q 2; 26 R x P ch, K-K, or anything like this would not be so disastrous.

(g) Because if... R x Kt, a piece is lost—if... Q x B, a "smothered mate" follows in five.

PROB. No. 25.—By DR. O. F. JESTE, New York. BLACK (seven pieces).



WHITE (six pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROB. No. 22.

By G. STEINER, Carlsbad.

Key-move.—B-R 3.
1 B-R 3, Q x B; 2 Kt x Q's P, mate.
1 " Q-R 4, R 5, Kt 4, B 5, etc.; 2 Kt x Q's P, mate.
1 " P-Kt 3, or P-B 3, or Kt-Kt 3; 2 Kt x Q's P, mate.
1 " P-Kt 4; Kt-Q 2, mate.
1 " P-B 4; B-Kt 2, mate.

Correct solutions to No. 22 from "Armada": Porter Stafford, Erie; T. W. Edkins, Utica; James C. Landstreet, Baltimore; C. K. Darling, Abbotsville; George P. Cranly, Indianapolis; H. M. Mathieu, Hallsville.

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